THE CABINET,

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

NO. VII. OF THE NEW SERIES.

JULY, 1809.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF C. MATHEWS, ESQ.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The friends of the Cabinet are requested to send their favour early in the month.

The *Play Bills* from Swansea, were received too late for insertion this month.

Errata in the last Number.

P.	L.	
480	22	*for* eventful *read* eventual.
526	25	*for* facilis dignatio *read* facile indignatio.
	27	*for* practical *read* poetical.
536	30	*for* full *read* half.
	34	*insert* By P. J. De Loutherbourg, R. A.
548	13	*for* thunderer *read* murderer.

THE

CABINET,

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POLITE LITERATURE.

CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ.

This gentleman was born June 28, 1776, and is the younger son of a bookseller of great worth and respectability in the Strand; he and his brother William were together educated at Merchant Taylor's school. The latter (designed for the church) was entered at Cambridge, where he took his master of arts degree, but afterwards changing his studies was called to the bar in 1801. He went to the West Indies in order to practice the profession for which nature and application had so admirably qualified him, but death put a period to a life whose outset promised wealth and celebrity.

Charles, the object of these memoirs, at the age of fourteen was apprenticed to his father, but the dull routine of business ill suited the vivacity of the boy; a rage for theatricals, favoured by the dramatic genius of an old lady, from whom he received instructions in the French language, superseded all other avocations, and in a private play performed in her house (Phillips's Distrest Mother) did he and Elliston appear as Phœnix and Pyrrhus. After this, however, these gentlemen never met for fifteen years, till they were engaged as the serious and comic hero of the Haymarket theatre, crowned with the laurels of public approbation, and enjoying the highest honours of the profession.

From religion's motives, Mr. Mathews's father had forbidden his son's attendance at theatres, and it was not till the year 1790 that he witnessed a regular performance; from that moment the play-house was all he could think of, and in September 1793 he appeared on the Richmond stage, as Richmond in Richard the Third, and Bowkit in the Son in Law. Shortly afterwards he went to Dublin, where he made his appearance for the benefit of Mrs. Wells, as Jacob Gawky and Lingo, on the 19th of June, 1794; here he remained a year and a half, but at length revolting from the indignities offered to him by the manager in the shape of bad parts, he "took his departure from Dublin's sweet city," with an intention of returning to the English metropolis; but contrary winds blew the packet to Swansea, where luckily lighting on a manager, he obtained permission to perform, delighted the Welch critics, and gained an engagement for three years.

On the secession of Mr. Emery from York in 1798, Mathews was enlisted under the banner of Tate Wilkinson as his successor, and in that circuit became one of the most popular comic actors that ever performed in it.

Here his fame attracted the attention of Mr. Colman; nay, the admirable dramatist went himself to Doncaster, and offered him a liberal salary as his principal low comedian for the summer. Our hero accepted it, and made his debut as Jabal and Lingo, May 16, 1803; and certainly, whatever the public owe Mr. Colman for his personal exertions for their gratification, few things claim so much of their gratitude, as his judicious introduction of this admirable comedian to a metropolitan stage.

He and Mrs. Mathews were immediately engaged at Drury Lane; and, although by a variety of circumstances which shall be nameless, he had not original parts allotted to him of adequate consequence to his abilities, he continued rising rapidly in public favour, till his performance of Sir Fretful Plagiary stamped him the perfect artist. Here his excellence burst forth, and it is nothing strained to declare, that if Mr. Sheridan were able to write another such part, he would be unable to find any representative for it except Mr. Mathews. The extraordinary versatility of talent displayed in that character, can only

be justly appreciated by those who have seen it; he is there inimitable, and, as he is in many original ones, without a competitor.

Mr. Mathews in company is mirthful in the extreme, and for imitative powers we have not *by any chance* met his equal; no object, no character, is beyond his reach, and unlike the common parrot-like thick-headed mimics of studied speeches he apes the very mind, the manner, and the man himself, whose image he would bring to view, conceives dialogues which never did occur, and boldly dares to be original even where he copies most correctly.

He has been twice married: his first wife was a Miss Strong of Exeter, author of some novels and poems; she died in 1802; and in 1803 he married Miss Jackson, then of the York theatre, a lady whose worth, talents, and accomplishments have endeared her to all who have the happiness of knowing her.

T. E. H.

A MODERN FINE LADY.

Miss Olivia (for none but romantic name are now endured), after being rocked in the cradle of luxury, and nursed in the lap of folly, after being indulged with the gratification of all her childish whims, caprices, and desires, is at the age of nine years sent to a boarding school, or, to use a properer phrase, a nursery for vice. Here she soon associates with girls who have been equally indulged with herself; by these she is confirmed in her bad inclinations, she is witness to the scenes of indecent familiarity which the older girls of the school practise either with the boys of some neighbouring seminary, or with the footman of the house; she pants to have the same indecent attentions paid to herself; she contracts an intimacy with some of these young practitioners in love, who, together with the assistance of some *virtuous* French gouvernante, soon work the entire ruin of her principles, if they are not already ruined: she is by them initiated

into the mysteries of wickedness. Profane and obscene books, which the virtue of a Voltaire and a Godwin, the chastity of a Heywood and a Robinson, have presented to the world, are introduced to her acquaintance. She thus soon becomes an adept in immorality, obscenity, and atheism. That, however, she may put in practise these new-acquired notions, she is by the officious goodness of her kind-hearted gouvernante, who has too much charity to let her pupil pine away and destroy the bloom of her charms for want of a lover, made acquainted with some battered captain in the army, with whose immense cockade, red coat, and formidable sword she becomes absolutely entranced. He finds no difficulty in attaining his wishes with a lady, who disdains the narrow rules of virtue and decency. He gives her that polite distemper, which is now the badge of merit; and why not? The wounds of Mars are honourable; surely then the wounds of Venus, in common politeness, are more glorious. He then leaves her "to sigh alone," not long; for she happens to be rich: some worthy lord, whose cash and constitution have been consigned to the grave of extravagance and lust, falls in love with her fortune. They marry; for she too is in love, not with his beauty, for he has lost his nose, not with his sense, for in that he excels no more than a Russian does in courtesy, not with his virtue, for that is a quality, which is too unfashionable to charm even a citizen's daughter. With what then is she enamoured? With his debaucheries. For she thinks, that he will willingly permit her to take the same liberties, that he himself does. Nor is she mistaken: they are man and wife; and, as being one flesh, should both practise the same things. They have separate tables, separate beds, separate parties of pleasure, separate lovers: for a short time they live tolerably peaceably together: at length they have exhausted all her fortune. What shall they do now? Distrust not the intriguing abilities of his lordship: he introduces some very wealthy scoundrel to his wife; he contrives to catch them together; he brings an action of crim. con.; he recovers, by the means of an honest jury, twelve thousand pounds; he gets a divorce, and is soon afterwards killed in a duel by the paramour of one of his kept ladies.

To return to his wife, her lover takes her into keeping; she is unfaithful to him; he leaves her to poverty and infamy. How shall she shift? oppressed by disgrace, though not with remorse, she puts a period to her miserable existence. This is a severe, but perhaps a true picture of many fine ladies. To what shall we attribute such wickedness and misery? To foolish parental indulgence, and to boarding-school education.

PEDANTIC AND MACARONIC POETRY

(PEDANTESCA E MACHERONICA).

The mixture of different languages in poetry is of very ancient date; it seems to have been common with the provençal poets, and was in great repute in the time of Dante. Petrarch was the first who rejected it, though after his death it became again in vogue; and Lorenzo de Medici has left us a sonnet, seven lines of which are Latin capriciously mingled with his native language. This conceit however was generally confined to an alternate use of Latin and Italian lines, and it was not till the year 1551, that there appeared a promiscuous intermixture of Latin and Italian words in poetry, when Annibal Caro produced a sonnet written in this style, which was afterwards called the Pedantic (la Pedantesca). Crescimbini, however, attributes the invention to Camillo Scrofa, who published a collection of verses under the name of Fidenzio Glottocrisio. This intermixture produced another, still more conjunctive of both languages, known to this day in England by its original appellation of Macaronic Poetry (Poesia Macheronica), which makes the native language latinize, and was a favourite amusement of the late Dr. Geddes. The first known writer in this way was Teofilo de Folenghi, a Mantuan monk, who composed a large volume of lyrics and pastorals, and an heroic poem on the valorous actions of Baldo da Cippada. The following epigram is a good specimen of his manner.

De Cingaris Facetia.

Squassabat quondam pelagi fortuna Maranum,
Qui de salata carne pienus erat.
Frangitur arbor, aquas sorbet fundata carina,

Et plorans cœli quisque *dimandat* opem.
Cingar se misit tantum *rosegare mezenos*,
Ac si non esset tunc *prigolandus* aquis;
Scridatur quare *mangiat*, nec donat *ajutum*;
Respondet, quia sum sat bibiturus, edo.

HOMER.—CHAUCER.

MR. EDITOR,

MY meaning must have been much misconceived by your correspondent P. D. N., if he thought I meant to say tht ζοην αγαθος was not rightly translated, "brave or skilful in battle." In the version of Ernesti, corrected by Clarke and adopted by Heyne, it is always rendered "bello strenuus," or "pugna strenuus," and Damm uniformly translated it so, both into German and Latin. Βοη, by itself, generally signifies "clamor," though sometimes, metaphorically, "bellum," but αγαθος united to ζοην, always signifies "bello strenuus," in the Lexicon of Christ. Damm. I should think the subject no longer requires elucidation, and that any further arguments on it will only be so much time and paper wasted.

I remain, &c.
W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth, June 8, 1809.

The specimen, which your correspondent E. D. has given of a new version of Chaucer, is exactly what Chaucer ought to be, for the sake of those who cannot understand him in his present antiquated garb: his genuine beauties are preserved even in his language, where it is intelligible to a modern ear, and nothing but his rude orthography is altered; not one particle of his spirit evaporates, nor has the translator tricked him out in the the fineries of modern diction or modern ideas. Dryden has given us something like Chaucer; but Mr. Lipscombe has left no likeness of him at all, except in the story: his translation is Chaucer burlesqued, not Chaucer modernized. A translation of Chaucer according to the specimen given by E. D. would be to English literature an invaluable treasure.

W. B.

SELECTIONS

FROM

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

No. VI.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

THIS neglected poet is another of

" The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,"

as Pope sneeringly characterizes "the wits of either Charles's days:" he should have recollected his own description of "ease" in another part of his writings,

" True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,"

and not have affected to undervalue a quality of such high price. The poems of Richard Lovelace, Esq. are his "Lucasta, epodes, odes, sonnets, songs, &c. 1649," and his "Lucasta, posthume poems, 1659," the first of which are said to have been entirely reprinted by Tom Davies in 1772, and from both of which specimens have been given in Headley's Selections, vol. ii. p. 39, Ellis's Specimens, vol. iii. p. 273, and Censura Literaria, vol. ix. p. 337, and vol. x. p. 290. From the scarcity of Headley's work we shall repeat his selection (for he gave but one poem) and shall quote his interesting little account of the poet. "Richard Lovelace," says he, "elegant, brave, and unfortunate, the pride of the softer sex, and the envy of his own. The affecting particulars of his active life are preserved to us in Wood. Many of his verses were written during confinement in the Gatehouse, Westminster, to which he was committed for carrying a petition from the county of Kent to the House of Commons, for the laudable purpose of restoring the king to his rights, and settling the government. Andrew Marvel alludes to the circumstance, in his excellent verses prefixed to Lucasta. I quote the lines at large as they will serve to shew the untoward temper of the times:

" The air's already tainted with the swarms
Of insects which against you rise in arms,
Wood-peckers, paper-rats, book-scorpions,
Of wit corrupted the unfashioned sons,
The barbed censurers begin to look
Like the grim consistory on the book,
And on each line cast a reforming eye,
Severer than the young presbytery,
Till when in vain they have thee all perus'd,
You shall for being faultless be accus'd.
Some, reading your Lucasta, will allege
You wrong'd in her the house's privilege;
Some that you under sequestration are,
Because you write when going to the war;
And one the book prohibits, because Kent
Their first petition by the author sent."

His pieces, which are light and easy, had been models in their way, were their simplicity but equal to their spirit; they were the offspring of gallantry and amusement; and, as such, are not to be reduced to the test of serious criticism. This we may infer from the verses signed F. Lenton, prefixed to his book:

" Thus if thy *careless* draughts are called the best,
What would thy lines have been had'st thou *profest*
That faculty infus'd of poetry?"

Under the name of Lucasta, which is the title to his poems, he compliments a Miss Lucy Sacheverel, a lady, according to Wood, of great beauty and fortune, whom he was accustomed, during his intimacy, to call *Lux casta.*" Lovelace has one or two exquisite poems, such as his " When love with unconfined wings," to which Mr. Ellis has given notoriety: the rest contain only occasional beauties, and are disfigured by perpetual conceits. We differ from Mr. Headley as to the haste of Lovelace's compositions, which appear to us to be laboured with much care. F. Lenton's object was to praise his friend Lovelace, at any sacrifice; and perhaps he knew he could not please the poet better, than by valuing him for that upon which he valued himself, justly or not. Our selection can be only from his first volume, which is all we possess, and for which it will not be uninteresting to collectors to know that we paid £1. 2s.

TO LUCASTA,

GOING BEYOND THE SEAS.

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee,
Or that when I am gone,
You or I were alone,
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blust'ring wind, or swall'wing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue-god's rage;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controuls:
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after fate,
And are alive i'th skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfin'd
In heav'n, their earthly bodies left behind.

A LOOSE SARABAND.

Ah me! the little tyrant thief!
As once my heart was playing,
He snatch'd it up and flew away,
Laughing at all my praying.

Proud of his purchase, he surveys,
And curiously sounds it;
And though he sees it full of wounds,
Cruel still on he wounds it.

And now this heart is all his sport,
  Which as a ball he boundeth
From hand to breast, from breast to lip,
  And all its rest confoundeth.

Then as a top he sets it up,
  And pitifully whips it;
Sometimes he clothes it gay and fine,
  Then straight again he strips it.

He cover'd it with false belief,
  Which gloriously shew'd it;
And, for a morning-cushionet,
  On's mother he bestow'd it.

Each day with her small brazen stings
  A thousand times she rac'd it;
But then at night, bright with her gems,
  Once near her breast she plac'd it.

There warm it 'gan to throb and bleed:
  She knew that smart and grieved;
At length this poor condemned heart
  With these rich drugs reprieved.

She wash'd the wound with a fresh tear,
  Which my Lucasta dropped;
And in the sleeve-silk of her hair
  'Twas hard bound up and wrapped.

She prob'd it with her constancy,
  And found no rancour nigh it;
Only the anger of her eye
  Had wrought some proud flesh by it.

Then prest she nard in ev'ry vein
  Which from her kisses trilled;
And with the balm heal'd all its pain,
  That from her hand distilled,

But yet this heart avoids me still,
  Will not by me be owned;
But's fled to its physician's breast,
  There proudly sits enthroned.

THE VINTAGE TO THE DUNGEON.

Sing out, pent souls, sing cheerfully!
Care shackles you in liberty,
Mirth frees you in captivity:
Would you double fetters add?
Else why so sad?

Chorus. Besides your pinion'd arms, you'll find,
Grief too can manacle the mind.

Live then, pris'ners, uncontroul'd;
Drink o'th' strong, the rich, the old,
Till wine too hath your wits in hold;
Then, if still your jollity
And throats are free,

Chorus. Triumph in your bonds and pains,
And dance to th' music of your chains.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH FILMER.

AN ELEGIACAL EPITAPH.

You that shall live awhile before
Old Time tires and is no more,
When that this ambitious stone
Stoops low as what it tramples on,
Know that in that age when sin
Gave the world law, and govern'd queen,
A virgin liv'd, that still put on
White thoughts, though out of fashion,
That trac'd the stars spite of report,
And durst be good though chidden for't.
Of such a soul that infant-heav'n
Repented what it thus had giv'n;
For finding equal happy man,
Th' impatient pow'rs snatch'd it again.
Thus, chaste as th'air whither she's fled,
She, making her celestial bed
In her warm alabaster, lay,
As cold as in this house of clay.
Nor were the rooms unfit to feast
Or circumscribe this angel guest.
The radiant gem was brightly set
In as divine a carkanet;

For, which the clearer was not known,
Her mind or her complexion.
Such an everlasting grace,
Such a beatifick face,
Incloisters here this narrow floor
That possess'd all hearts before.

Blest and bewail'd in death and birth!
The smiles and tears of heav'n and earth!
Virgins at each step are afear'd
Filmer is shot, by which they steer'd,
Their star extinct, their beauty dead,
That the young world to honour led;
But, see! the rapid spheres stand still,
And tune themselves unto her will.

Thus, although this marble must
As all things crumble into dust,
And though you find this fair-built tomb
Ashes as what lies in 'ts womb,
Yet her saint-like name shall shine,
A living glory to this shrine,
And her eternal fame be read,
When all but very Virtue's dead.

TO LUCASTA.

ODE LYRIC.

Ah, Lucasta! why so bright?
Spread with early-streaked light?
If still veiled from our sight,
What is't but eternal night?

Ah, Lucasta! why so chaste?
With that vigour, ripeness grac'd?
Not to be by man embrac'd,
Makes that royal coin imbas'd,
And this golden orchard waste.

Ah, Lucasta! why so great,
That thy crammed coffers sweat,
Yet not owner of a seat,
May shelter you from nature's heat,
And your earthly joys complete?

Ah, Lucasta! why so good?
Blest with an unstained flood
Flowing both through soul and blood?
If it be not understood,
'Tis a diamond in mud.

Lucasta, stay! why dost thou fly?
Thou art not bright, but to the eye,
Nor chaste, but in the marriage-tye,
Nor great, but in this treasury,
Nor good, but in that sanctity.
* * * * *

SONNET.

TO GENERAL GORING, AFTER THE PACIFICATION AT BERWICK.

Now the peace is made at the foe's rate,
Whilst men of arms to kettles their old helms translate,
And drink in casks of honourable plate,
In ev'ry hand a cup be found,
That from all hearts a health may sound
To Goring! to Goring! see't go round!

He whose glories shine so brave and high,
That captive they in triumph lead each ear and eye,
Claming uncombated the victory,
And from the earth to heav'n rebound,
Fixt there eternal as this round
To Goring! to Goring! see him crown'd!

To his lovely bride in love with scars,
Whose eyes wound deep in peace, as doth his sword in wars,
They shortly must depose the queen of stars:
Her cheeks the morning-blushes give,
And the benighted world reprieve,
To Lettice! to Lettice! let her live!

Give me scorching heat, thy heat, dry sun,
That to this pair I may drink off an ocean,
Yet leave my grateful thirst unquench'd, undone,
Or a full bowl of heav'nly wine,
In which dissolved stars should shine
To th' couple! to th' couple! they're divine!

STORY OF AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

[*Continued from Vol. I. page* 496.]

When we see a man whose talents are fitted to adorn and enlighten society, pining in solitude, obscurity, and grief, we cannot, if we are capable of feeling and reflection, but be touched with poignant regret.

I saw during the following winter the brilliant faculties of Longford clouded with a hopeless affection, which if it sometimes gave a grace to his melancholy, rendered him altogether languid, indolent, and almost useless. Day after day he hung immoveably over my fire, immersed in thought, which was only interrupted by his sighs.

When a girl is in love, and especially if she have fancy and sentiment, any thing romantic in the history of lovers, adds food to her flame. The mysteries regarding Longford seemed to heighten Ellen's attachment; and when these were added to qualities in themselves very striking and attractive, the excess of her passion can be more easily conceived than described. Mr. M—— at length took the alarm; but the affair had now gone too far to be violently broken off. It became the painful task of a parent to inquire more minutely into the circumstances of a man who aspired to his daughter. That man was his friend; his delight as a companion; his admiration as a genius. But these were qualities which did not necessarily secure his consent to him as the husband of his child.

Longford could not bear to be questioned, or even suspected as to his story. On this subject he was so proud and indignant, that it did not seem to bend even to his attachment. It often drew tears from Ellen; and he was infected with her grief, and shed tears in return. But his spirit soon rose again, and he scorned to have his tale extorted from him. "If," said he, "you can suspect me of imposition, or that I am unworthy of you, painful as it is to withdraw myself from your house, let me go! Scruples and hesitations insult me, and are unmanly in you! you may guess that the fortune of myself, and my immediate ancestors, has been under some cloud; but there is no one whom our alliance would disgrace." At

this his eyes flashed fire; and he muttered in half suppressed sentences allusions to the blood in his veins, and the cruel fate which had obscured his rights.

"My ancestors," said he, "disdaining to use their real name without being admitted to the distinction attached to it, have long concealed their lustre under that of Longford, by which you at present know me. But I am not without hope that the time may yet arrive, when I may win my way nearer to the station that belongs to me!" Here he burst into tears; and there was something so ingenuous and so much beyond the power of disguise in his manner, as rendered it impossible for M—— to doubt him, however strange his reserve might appear.

Of the following hasty lines I received the copy from one of Ellen's sisters? They of course speak for themselves as the production of Longford.

SONG.

"When cross th' Atlantic's roaring wave
I pass from Ellen far away,
How shall this beating bosom brave
The mem'ry of a softer day,
As in these lovely shades I sigh,
And watch the tear of Ellen's eye?

My sterner heart could once delight
In scenes of danger and of storm;
And in my country's cause to fight,
Could all my proudest wishes warm;
But now no charm can joy supply,
Save the sweet smile of Ellen's eye?

As fades dear Albion's chalky shore
Before my sorrow-clouded view,
What magic spell can e'er restore
Hours that with dove-wing'd motion flew?
Breezes that into music die
Can ne'er with Ellen's whispers vie.

By Sesquehana's distant stream,
Or wild Ohio's waters lone,
How sad to waken from the dream
Of tender pleasures that are flown.
Then 'twill unman my soul to spy
Thro' fancy's beams fair Ellen's eye.

In absence be the lovely maid
  True to her Edmund's plighted vow,
And in the forest's peaceful shade
  On him a daily thought bestow,
'Till on his distant obsequy
Fall the blest tear from Ellen's eye!

Alas! and shall on shores remote
  This sad yet kindling breast expire,
With none to pour the funeral note,
  Of those that rais'd its former fire?
In savage lands his tones must lie,
Far from his long-lov'd Ellen's eye!"

Longford told me one day, with eyes of fiery agony, the scandalous rumours which were abroad regarding him. He possessed in the latter period of his residence among us a horse of uncommon power and beauty; and he rode him with admirable skill and boldness. He knew all the purlieus and intricacies of the forest, and was often seen glancing with rapidity along its bye paths to the surprise and consternation of those inhabitants, to whose occupations, obscurity and concealment were necessary. The love of adventure, the movements of an active mind, and a fondness for the wild scenery of nature, were the probable causes of these excursions. Even the night did not restrain him; and moon-light rides were not unfrequent. Well aware that he might meet hardy vagabonds, on whose employments he might intrude unwelcomely, and whose resentment he might incur, he went armed with a sword and pistols, which he wielded with such a fearless dexterity as overawed those, who were otherwise inclined to disturb him.

Several daring robberies had been at this time committed in the district by a person unknown. Vulgar report soon afterwards fixed them on Longford. He communicated the dreadful calumny to me, with a degree of agitation which alarmed me for his intellects. To me assurances of his innocence of crimes so shocking and degrading were utterly superfluous. Yet I could not conceal from him that his mysterious history would give colour to such an idea with others. Even this did not wring his secret from him. His bosom swelled; and the

flame of indignation darted from his eyes. "Am I indeed sunk so low as this," said he: and a flood of tears relieved him. "My enemies," he continued, in a more plaintive tone, "may now triumph indeed! and as I have been long surrounded by spies, and have several times nearly fallen a victim to their machinations, they may now perhaps succeed in getting possession of my person and even taking my life. My father fell a victim to their contrivances; and nothing would gratify them like extinguishing me, the last remnant of a race, whose story is a blot on the pages of history, and the just succession of lawful governments."

I heard these indistinct allusions with interest and awe. They were strange and wonderful. But I will confess that, with all my partiality for Longford, there was one suspicion which I could not entirely subdue. I doubted whether there was not in his character a mixture of insanity; and whether this was not the prevalent topic on which it hinged. It is often on one single subject that this disorder betrays itself; and there is no fancy so common in a disordered brain as its rights to a princely rank. His hints however were so rational, even on this point, that on the whole my opinion preponderated in favour of his soundness of mind.

Great inquiries about him were now made by distant emissaries; and savage-looking runners evidently dogged his rides and walks. He saw them himself; and I saw them still oftener than he did. He felt the insult; but he was undaunted. His dauntless state of mind did not arise from the ignorance of his danger: he knew it well; and was perfectly convinced that any slight colour for destroying his liberty or even his existence would be embraced. It was only when he looked on Ellen, that his heart was softened and he wept. Neither Mr. M—— nor Ellen gave a moment's credit to the cruel attack on his character; but it materially aggravated the difficulty of a parent's determination, and wounded the delicate feelings of the daughter without diminishing her affection.

"The world," said Longford, "will smile at the assertion that there is a conspiracy carrying on against my person, and that my life is aimed at; they will consider it as the whim of a cheated head, or a perverse temper. I

repeat the accusation, and can prove it by incontrovertible facts. You will too soon, I fear, have proofs before you, as I have had. But when I am seen here no more; when I fly from hence as the only mode of securing my freedom, and a painful existence which my duty rather than my inclination impels me to preserve, retain your confidence in me, protect my reputation, and be kind to my memory! Time will, I trust, unveil this melancholy mystery, and shew what I have been; what I am; and what I ought to be!"

He left us on the evening on which this conversation happened with more than usual gloom. His eyes had long been fixed on Ellen, while his lips refused to utter a word. When he rose to take leave, the agitations of his countenance were dreadful; he cast on Ellen a look almost of despair, he pressed my hand with a tremulous fervor which I shall never forget; and he tore himself away.

[*To be concluded.*]

CRITICISM.

It has not been customary for periodical publications to acquaint the world with the exits and entrances of their critics. The avowal of such mutabilities has been thought derogatory to the unchangeable dignity of a critical tribunal, and *Sylvanus Urban* and the *Monthly Reviewers* have been endeavouring to persuade us of their immortality for upwards of a hundred years. But the swarm of critics, to which the present general diffusion of literature has given birth, has tended not a little to divest the public of that awe, with which their writings used to be contemplated; and criticism is now regarded rather as the opinion of an individual than as the decision of a multitude, rather as the advice of a counsel than as the judgment of a court. Criticism, such as this, is much more serviceable to literature, much more creditable to modesty, and even more likely to be just and impartial, than that of the most dignified "we" that ever grew great in his own obscurity, or that ever knew how to apply in a different sense that allusion of Dryden,—

"Mists that rise against the sun
Make it but greater seem, not greater grow." †††

CANDOUR.

" ' Much may be said on both sides.' Hark I hear
A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear,
The voice of Candour. Hail most solemn sage,
Thou driv'lling virtue of this moral age;
Candour, which softens party's headlong rage,
Candour, which spares its foes, nor e'er descends
With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.
Candour, which loves in see-saw strain to tell
Of acting foolishly, but meaning well,
Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
Convinc'd that all men's motives are the same,
And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
Black's not *so* black, nor white *so very* white.

* * * * * *

" Give me th'avow'd, th'erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good heav'n, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the Candid friend!"

ANTI-JACOBIN.

" If it's abuse, one is always sure to hear of it from one damned good-natured friend or another."

SHERIDAN.

THERE is a certain thing called Candour. Some pretend that it is an impartiality of judgment; others, more severe, say that it is a malicious inclination to slander, couched under an appearance of benevolence, and therefore ironically named Candour. Be this as it will, certain it is that nothing can be more impartial or less bigotted in favour of its objects of praise than this soi-disante virtue; for though it begins its remarks with all the flowers of panegyric, yet that no one may suppose the objects to be immaculate and perfect, and therefore despair or envy, it ends in the enumeration of vices or defects by way of counterpoise. Let us suppose this Candour giving an account of some great characters; it would perhaps speak in this wise:

WRITERS OF ANTIQUITY.

Homer, a great poet, and a blind beggar.

Demosthenes, a man of amazing eloquence and cowardice.

Sappho, an elegant poetess and harlot.

Æsop, a philosopher and lump of deformity.

Herodotus, a beautiful historian and great liar.

Thucydides, an authentic historian, who did not understand grammar.

Aristotle, the prodigy of philosophy, who wrote without understanding himself.

Virgil, a beautiful poet and abominable flatterer.

Horace, an excellent lyric and satiric poet, who indulged in all the vices he satirized.

Cicero, a philosopher and turncoat.

GENERALS.

Alexander, a great conqueror and drunkard.

Julius Cæsar, a hero and bald-pated whore-monger.

Duke of Vendome, a hero and a sluggard.

Charles of Sweden, a prodigy of bravery and folly.

Marlborough, a great general and fop.

ENGLISH WRITERS.

Shakspeare, the first of poets and a deer-stealer.

Otway, a man of genius and an egregious fool.

Johnson, the philosopher and brute.

Porson, a wonderful and elegant scholar, and a blackguard.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

David, the pious psalmist and adulterous murderer.

Solomon, the wisest man and greatest whore-monger in Israel.

Amos, the prophet and cow-boy.

Paul, the zealous apostle, three feet high.

Thus does Candour murder characters by first mentioning excellencies, then totally destroying the favourable impression by naming some great vice or defect' though perhaps the only one, and even invisible to any eye but the eye of Candour. Heaven defend me from the *candid!*

THE COMMON-PLACE-BOOK.

No. VII.

TITLE OF A BILL.

The following title of a bill now passing through the House of Commons, presents the most crowded collection of epithets we ever recollect to have seen employed to make out the cognomen of an Act of Parliament: "The stage-coach outside-passengers' numerical limitation bill." We surely want another act, to be called, "The Act of Parliament substantive-adjective numerical limitation bill;" and an Act of Parliament, like a stage-coach, should be "licenced to carry not exceeding four" cognomens.

AN ECLIPSE HISSED.

The following national trait is recorded in a note to the novel of Corinna:—"It having been announced at Bologna, that an eclipse of the sun would take place at two o'clock in the day, the people collected in the market-place to behold it, and, impatient at its delay, called for it with petulance, as they would for an actor who made them wait. At length it began; but the cloudy weather preventing it from producing a grand effect, they began to hiss with great tumult, not finding the shew equal to their expectation."

FRANCISCO BRACCIOLINI.

Bracciolini, who disputes the invention of heroi-comedy with Tassoni, was conversant with every species of poetry, and wrote an epic intitled *Croce Racquistata* (the Cross Regained), which Crasso ranks immediately after the poems of Ariosto and Tasso. He was secretary to Car-

dinal Maffeo Barberini, himself a poet, afterwards Pope Urban VIII. in whose household he spent the greatest part of his life, and no doubt obtained considerable wealth, as he was a great favorite with his master, and appears sordidly avaricious. It is not a little curious, that Crasso makes no mention in his Memoir of the poet of his heroi-comic poem *Lo Scherno degli Dei* (the Mockery of the Gods), which carried dispute so high in Italy between his partizans and those of Alessandro Tassoni; he merely places it in the list of his works subjoined to the memoir, where it is called *Lo Scherno degli de' Gentili.* Crasso Elog. degli Uom. Lett. p. 186.

CARDINAL BARBERINI.

The poems of Cardinal Maffeo Barberini (afterwards Pope Urban VIII.) though now almost consigned to oblivion, were nevertheless on their appearance publicly honoured by the Academy at Paris with the appellation of 'the divine.'

DRAYTON AND DRYDEN.

The following is one among the many plagiarisms of Dryden. Dryden's verse is elegant; but Drayton's is beautiful, it is Shakspearian :—

——" The standers by
" Were so intransed with the melody,
" That to a holy madnesse some it wrought
" The wyery cords now shake so wond'rous cleere,
" As one might think an angel's voyce to heare
" From every quaver, or some spirit had pent
" Itselfe of purpose in the instrument."

David and Goliah, Ed. 1630, p. 193.

" Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
" Within the hollow of that shell,
" That spoke so sweetly and so well."

Ode on St, Cecilia's Day.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

" Vir bonus ac prudens versus reprendet inertes;
" Culpabit duros; incomptis adlinet atrum
" Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet
" Ornamenta; parem claris lucem dare coget;
" Arguet ambiguè dictum; mutanda notabit;
" Fiet Aristarchus; non dicet, cur ego amicum
" Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ seria ducent
" In mala derisum semel, exceptumque sinistrè."

HOR. *Art Poet.*

John de Lancaster, a Novel, by Richard Cumberland, Esq. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.* Lond. Lackington and Co. 1809.

THERE is a martial bearing in the name of John de Lancaster, which seems to promise all the splendid pageantry of chivalry;

Le Donne, i cavallier, l'arme, gli amori
Le cortesie, l' audaci imprese.

Such was the gay banquet, which the title of Mr. Cumberland's novel had led us to anticipate; nor were we altogether mistaken. The genius of chivalry does in fact make a considerable figure in the piece; but it is chivalry, not in his younger days, armed cap-a-pee, running a tilt at every body he meets, visiting with an astonishing power of ubiquity every corner of the earth, and thinking death an ample reward for a favourable glance from a sparkling eye, or a salute from a fair hand, but chivalry melted down into an elderly gentleman, and reposing in feudal state among his fur-clad warders and orange tawney liveried men, now quoting what he once practised, and enforcing by sentiment what he once taught by example. Such a character is Robert de Lancaster, grandfather of the hero, whose name gives the title to Mr. C.'s present novel, and who makes so prominent a figure on the canvas, as to throw the assumptive hero quite into the back-ground. The humanity, the erudition, the hospitality, the high gentlemanly feeling

PAGINATION INCORRECT

and true piety of Robert de Lancaster are quite of the old school; and we consider it as no slight effort of patriotism on the part of Mr. C., that he has attempted by these sketches to recall to the minds of the present generation, that there were days, when boys and girls were not considered as the prima mobilia of the world, when aunts and grandmothers were not absolutely shoved off the stage of life, and when fathers and mothers were considered as something more than harmless drudges, who, having provided for the pleasures of their young and sturdy offspring, might be fairly elbowed out of the way. There is something refreshing in the retrospect, which these pages afford of the repose and dignity of les bons vieux tems, as distinguished from the pertness and frivolity of the present days; and this pleasure we think will be conveyed to the reader more clearly by an abstract of some of the principal characters concerned in the work before us, than by a detail of the plot, which possesses no great share either of novelty or interest. The most prominent among the dramatis personæ, as we before observed, is Robert de Lancaster, a gentleman of North Wales, and residing at Kray-Castle in the recesses of Merionethshire. It had been the custom in this ancient family, which, as De Lancaster loved to demonstrate by the most learned authorities, derived its pedigree in a direct line from Noah, to distinguish the links of the chain in their genealogy by the alternate names of John, Robert, and Philip. The Johns had always been the heroes of the family, the Roberts had been the scholars, and the Philips had been distinguished chiefly for their love of ease. These names and their corresponding dispositions appear, like the *castes* in India, never to have varied; at least we have the three names in the three several capacities of grandfather, son, and grandson in the novel before us, and neither swerves from the character which had become presumptively appropriated to the name. The grandfather Robert, whose character is now under review, had always lived in study and retirement; and from the acquisitions which he had made, and his disposition to communicate the results of his researches, had become a dangerous companion to such as were not gifted with the talent of taciturnity themselves, or were not

disposed to acquiesce in the loquacity of others. To say the truth, the old gentleman is a little too fond of shewing his learning; and what is worse, his observations are not always very novel or very much to the purpose. The bare mention of pedigree would lead him through a host of illustrious authorities, Joannes Bodinus, Franciscus Tarapha, Wolfangus Lazius; the sound of a Jew's harp introduced an instantaneous dissertation upon the six different sorts of the Tuba, as classed by Eustathius; and an unfortunate remark, which betrayed an ignorance of music, was inevitably followed up by a learned explanation of the different properties and operations of tones, the full tone, the half-tone or hemitonium, the quarter-tone or diesis, the teta:temoria or diesis resolved into its proper quarter-tone, the tritemoria or true chromatique, and the hemiolia, which involves a third part of a full tone and half a third. The old gentleman was not to be convinced, but that the natives of Stroud and Rochester were born with the appendage of an enormous tail in consequence of one of their townsmen having cut off the tail of Thomas à Becket's mule; and that Martin Luther came into the world habited in all points as a theologian, and (which he is candid enough to own must have sensibly incommoded his mother) wearing a square cap on his head according to ancient costuma. But this was the venerable gentleman's weak side, and his friends winked at the foible in consideration of the splendid virtues, which constituted the character of Robert de Lancaster. The venerable seat of his ancestors under him lost nothing of its long-established character; for, in the language of the good old times, there the gentry were feasted, and the poor were not forgotten. We should not omit to mention, that De Lancaster is provided with an excellent companion in the person of a Colonel Wilson, to whose unsophisticated understanding the paradoxes of the old gentleman seemed oftentimes perfectly inexplicable; yet as he was in the habit of neither admitting nor pertinaciously contesting them, their disputes were carried on without any mixture of acrimony, and served only to keep conversation amicably alive. The next character we shall notice is that of Philip de Lancaster, son of the preceding Robert de Lancaster, and whose insipidity

forms a striking contrast with the more energetic character of his sire. Philip is one of those vegetating beings, who, like the Assyrian god Baal, have eyes and yet see not, ears and hear not, who when the clock strikes eleven remark that it wants one hour to twelve, and in whom we should be as much surprised at any operation of energetic passion, as at hearing that the sloth had projected a foot-race, or that an oyster had been crossed in love. But the character is so admirably developed by Mr. C. in a letter, which Philip is made to write to his family, descriptive of a journey which he undertook to Lisbon, for the purpose of procuring accommodations for his wife, whom he had left in the last stage of a decline, that we shall make no scruple of laying the whole before our readers.

" *The Journal of Mr. Philip De Lancaster.*

" Dear Sister!

" When I arrived at Milford Haven, I found a vessel bound to Liverpool, of which I availed myself for a passage, as travelling in rough roads is extremely troublesome. The master of the vessel was a very affable and entertaining gentleman, and having been three times on a slaving voyage to the coast of Africa, had acquired a perfect knowledge both of men and manners.

" When we dropped anchor at Liverpool, the crowd and hurry on the quay appeared to me to be such, that I held it best to keep quiet in the cabin of the brig that brought me thither. Being in no capacity for making enquiries in my own person about a passage to the South of France, I did not like to manifest to my friendly captain a desire to quit his company, which had become so agreeable to me; I thereupon came to a determination of taking my chance with him, and when I understood his destination to be for the fourth time to the coast of Africa, I considered that one warm climate was like another, and warmth being what I was in search of for Mrs. De Lancaster, he assured me that I should find it there in perfection; this being ascertained I engaged for the voyage, avoiding thereby all further trouble either to myself or him about a matter of such absolute indifference.

"It cost some time to ship the cargo he was taking out with him, and gave me some annoyance whilst his crew were stowing it, as they are in the habit of accompanying their work with certain noises, far from melodious, and intelligible only to themselves. I had however a faculty of sleeping pretty generally through it all, which made time, heavy at the best, pass off very tolerably, till we set sail and took leave of land and all its troublesome concerns. I understood from the people that went on shore, that the town of Liverpool would have been highly worth my seeing, and I have every reason to believe their information was correct.

"We commenced our voyage in pleasant weather; the captain's conversation was on many points entirely new and very edifying on that account. He kept a liberal table, particularly in the article of salt-fish, of which he had a considerable cargo on board; but when he had no longer a supply of eggs to recommend his salt-fish, I must confess I was sometimes puzzled how to make a dinner, especially as his soup had a taste, to which I had not as yet familiarized my palate.

"During our passage through the Bay of Biscay I perceived the vessel to have considerable motion, but there is a lulling property in the vacillation of a hammock, that promotes repose.

"One day, when I was told we were off the coast of Portugal, and I began to inhale odours from the shore, that were infinitely preferable to those of the salt-fish in the ship, I had a curiosity for the first time to visit the accommodations below, when I was tempted to ask my friend the captain for what purpose he had parted off a portion of his hold with iron gratings like those of a prison, and also why he had provided such a collection of handcuffs, fetters, and other instruments, that seemed calculated both for torture and confinement.

"He was a very communicative man, and did not hesitate to inform me, that being a trader in negro slaves, it was necessary for him to be well stored with all those conveniences for security's sake; for how else, said he, could I be sure that those savages, who have no understanding of the happiness in store for them, would not rise upon us and cut all our throats?—Though I im-

mediately saw all the force of his reasoning, I was a little staggered by the nature of his intelligence; and this I think it probable that he perceived, for he was pleased to say, that, being bound in the first instance for the Tagus, he would set me down with his cargo of salt fish at Lisbon, if I had the least objection to proceeding any further. I thanked him for his civility, and candidly confessed that although I could have no objection to the removal of his salt fish, I should think it ill exchanged for his cargo of slaves. I accordingly accepted his alternative of leaving me at Lisbon, where, though I should much regret the loss of his society, I might avail myself of the opportunity of visiting the famous aqueduct of Alcantara, of which I had heard so wonderful an account, and was anxious to enjoy the sight.

"The captain acknowledged that he had heard there was such a thing to be seen in the near neighbourhood of Lisbon, but as he had no particular taste for sights of that sort, he had not troubled himself to go out of his way for it: he was pleased however in the politest manner to repeat his offer of setting me down at Lisbon, observing to me with great satisfaction, that as we were now happily arrived within the mouth of the river we had nothing further to apprehend; for he could assure me we were fairly out of all possibility of mischance, being in the track of the safest navigation in the world.

"In the very moment whilst this experienced navigator was cheering me and himself with these pleasant assurances, a sudden shock of the vessel threw him from his balance, and catching hold of me as he was falling, we came together upon the deck with a considerable degree of violence. As he fell upon me, he had the advantage of being first upon his legs, which he employed with all speed in rushing forwards to the forecastle, whilst I was endeavouring to save myself from further bruises; for now a cry ran through the ship, that we were stranded on a rock, and sinking bodily. Of this information I had soon no reason to doubt, as the water rushed in with great impetuosity. The crew were eagerly employed in getting out the boat; but as I was persuaded that they, who were at the trouble of launching, would naturally be the first to make use of it, I persisted to keep my post,

being resolved not to disgrace the character of a true De Lancaster by betraying the least symptom of impatience or alarm.

" When I had stayed till the treading over-head had ceased, and the captain along-side was calling upon me by name to come on board the boat and save myself, or stay where I was and be drowned, I thought it behoved me to avail myself of an alternative, so fairly stated, though my compliance with his offer of rescuing me from the sinking ship was attended with no small degree of trouble and inconvenience; for I now perceived myself to be sorely bruised.

" I exerted myself to the utmost in getting into the boat, yet my efforts being not sufficiently adroit to satisfy the gentlemen, who were eager to push off, I heard myself saluted with a general volley of oaths and ludicrous buffooneries allusive to my awkwardness, which I can truly aver were the only uncivil words, that I received from either captain or crew, whilst I had the pleasure of sailing with them.

" The boat, in which I was, belonged to one of our Lisbon pacquets, that had the humanity to stop her course and assist us in our distress. On board this charitable ship I was at length conveyed, and was agreeably surprised to find myself thus unexpectedly amongst my friends and neighbours, young Sir David Owen and his amiable mother being passengers and bound to Lisbon. To the humanity of these friends I am indebted for the comforts I am now enjoying in an excellent hotel on an eminence called Buenos Ayres, from whence, if my contusions allowed me to get out of my bed, I might enjoy a beautiful view of the town and river, and in which, were it not for the annoyance of the flies and more domestic vermin, I might assuage my pains with the luxury of sleep; but this, when more familiarized to the customs of these insects, I hope still to enjoy.

" There has been another slight shock of an earthquake yesterday, but as I was in my bed, it did not disturb me near so much as that of the ship, when she ran upon the rock.

" As soon as I regain the use of my limbs, I shall look out for a suitable abode for Mrs. De Lancaster in

this delicious place, where I promise myself a high entertainment in surveying the dilapidations and disorders occasioned by the great earthquake, which has made the town a heap of interesting ruins.

"I have written you a long letter, so, with my duty to my father and regards to all at home, I conclude myself, dear sister,

"Your very faithful servant and loving brother,

"PHILIP DE LANCASTER."

[Vol. III. pp. 8, 18.]

But the most entertaining personage in these volumes to us is a worthy Welch hypochondriac, named John Morgan. This gentleman's estate lying near to Kray Castle, a marriage had been made up between his only daughter and Philip the heir of Kray-Castle. It was not till after the ceremony had taken place, and John de Lancaster had become the fruits of the union, that Morgan discovered that his daughter had previously entertained a secret passion for a young officer named Jones. His fears that an excess of filial awe and obedience had induced his daughter to smother her passion, and submit to become the wife of Philip, conspired wi h the gout to throw poor Morgan into a deep fit of melancholy. The venerable Robert being apprized of this determines to pay his friend a consolatory visit: the coachman of Kray-Castle accordingly is summoned, and enquiries are made as to coaches, horses, and the practicability of the roads. The answers were satisfactory, and the grand affair was settled. "The solemn fiat was announced; the note of preparation was sounded through all the lower regions of the castle, and echoed through the range of the stables. Our master goes to-morrow to Glen Morgan, and stays out a whole night." We cannot withhold from our readers the account of this important journey, and the picture it presents of the etiquette of the old school.

"By peep of day, every thing, that had life, in and about Kray Castle, horses, dogs and cats included, were up and in motion, save only the lady in the straw, who could not rise, and the gentleman in bed, who did not chuse to leave it, namely, Philip the fisher, who had not

got one perch, and probably not so many *bites* from beside the banks, as he had been favoured with from between the blankets.

"The two companions, who had pledged themselves to this adventure, rendezvoused at the same moment, though not exactly under the same colours; for whilst the scarlet of De Lancaster's apparel was fiery bright, the uniform of Wilson had a cast of the campagne in it, having seen some service, and endured some smoke.

"Amongst the numerous personages, who attended these adventurers to the door of the vehicle, in which they embarked their bodies, our new-born hero took a conspicuous post, probably more in compliment to the curiosity of his nurse, than selfishly to gratify his own. Nevertheless it is recorded, that when the machine (called in those days a coach) was put in motion by the joint energy of six fat coach-horses and one fat driver, little John clapped his hands, and crowed amain for joy: if he made any speech upon the occasion, there was one more instance of miraculous prematurity lost to the world, for nobody remembered it.

"Though the country they had to travel over was not quite so flat as Norfolk, nor the road altogether like a gravel walk, yet the journey was prosperous, for the team was strong, and a persevering amble, now and then exasperated into an actual trot, brought the travellers within sight of the mansion, embowered in yew-trees, where dwelt the descendant of King Lear, father of a daughter less ambitious than Regan, but far more dutiful.

"A forerunner, who without trial of his speed had outstripped the coach by some miles, had announced the coming of the lord of Kray Castle, and the fires in the old conventual kitchen sparkled at the news: the drunken old warder had got on his fur gown, and the bard of the family was ready in the gallery of the great hall to give the customary salutation to so honourable a guest. When Mr. De Lancaster had passed the abbey-like porch, and found himself in the aforesaid hall, he turned round, and made a courteous inclination of his head to the harper, who, like Timotheus, was *placed on high:* noticing the domestics and retainers, who lined his pas-

sage to the receiving room, he said in a whisper to his friend the colonel, These honest folks don't look as if they had suffered by a reduction either of the quantity or quality of their Welch ale. When ushered into the room, where the master of the mansion was, they found him sitting in his gouty chair, with his foot wrapped in flannel on a stool, in company with a great collection of Morgans, who hung quietly by the wall: upon sight of De Lancaster his countenance was lighted up with joy. This is kind indeed, he exclaimed; this is an honour I could not expect, and a favour I shall never forget, taking the hand of De Lancaster, and making an effort, as if to press it to his lips. Turning to Colonel Wilson, he cried, Ah my old friend, I am happy to see you. Welcome to Glen-Morgan! Why you look bravely, and are nimbler upon one leg, than I am upon two: you see how I am suffering for the sins of my youth. He then called out amain for Mrs. Richards his housekeeper; he might have spared himself the trouble, for Mrs. Richards was in the room, and made herself responsible for well-aired beds, reminding her master, who questioned her very closely, that Captain Jones had lodged ten nights in the room which she had prepared for Mr. De Lancaster, and he had left Glen-Morgan that very morning: the same good care had been taken of Colonel Wilson's apartment. Satisfaction being given upon these points, Mrs. Richards was strictly enjoined to see that not an individual belonging to his worthy guest wanted for any thing in his house, nay, if a dog had followed his coach, let it be her duty to take care that he was welcomed and well fed. These were the manners, and such the primitive hospitality of those days.

"When dinner was announced, and old Morgan wheeled in his chair into the eating-room, the parson in his canonicals at the foot ofthe table gave his benediction to an abundant mass of steaming viands, which bespoke a liberal rather than an elegant provider. A grave and elderly gentleman, who had the health of the family under his care, pronounced a loud Amen at the conclusion of the parson's prayer, and the butler at the sideboard bowed his head. The family lawyer was also present, having a dinner retainer ad libitum, and a painter of no

small eminence, who was upon his tour for the purpose of taking sketches of back-grounds for his portraits, completed the party.

"Every guest at table had an attendant at his back in full livery of green and red with boot-cuffs, on which the tailor of the household had wantonly bestowed such a bountiful profusion of scarlet plush, that the hand, which gave a plate, seldom failed to sweep away the bread beside it, or the knife and fork, as it might happen: some discomposure also occurred to the wearers of wigs, when a dish was put on or taken off from the table. The harp would not have been silent, but that Mr. De Lancaster observed, that the din of the table would probably be louder than the melody of the serenade, and with much good reason suggested, that it might be more respectful to the musician, not to call upon him for his attendance till there was a better chance for hearing his performance."—Vol. I. pp. 123, 130.

The following letter written by Morgan to Colonel Wilson possesses much of the self-accusing vein of Matthew Bramble. It may be as well to premise that the Amelia Jones mentioned in the letter is a daughter of the Captain Jones, who had formerly been a suitor to the heiress of Glen-Morgan. When the daughter of Morgan became the bride of Philip de Lancaster, Jones went in pursuit of fortune to the West Indies, where he married and became the father of the young lady in question, who in due time becomes the wife of John, the hero of the novel.

"Dear Colonel,

"My gout has left me, and if he never troubles me with his company again, he has my free leave to keep away. I meditate to take advantage of his absence, and pay a visit to my good brother at the castle before his dinner hour to-morrow, *Deo volente*. I shall bring my live lumber, Mother Richards, in the coach with me, as her small wits just serve her to descant with due precision upon warm nightcaps and a well-aired bed: she will pester the poor folks in the castle with her clack, but I shall profit by her care; and you know there is not a

more selfish fellow living than your humble servant. As my rascally passion for hoarding money has no longer any object, since you won't help me off with any of my savings, I shall tack two more dog horses to my scurvy team, and come in state like Sir Francis Wronghead, with Giles Joulter riding postillion: the cattle will get a belly-full in De Lancaster's stables, and that is what they don't often meet with in their own. I have bought a flaming fine watch of a pedling Jew, which I dare say won't go; but it will do for Amelia Jones, if she behaves well, and does not slight me for that puppy John, for whom I do not care a rush, as you well know, having lived in solitude till I am unfit for society, and as cold at heart as the top of a Welch mountain. I am very glad my brother Lancaster has so much abated of his learned dissertations, for I have no reading beyond that of a trumpery story-book, and am in as profound a state of blessed ignorance, as any gentleman in Wales can boast of. Yet Robert surely is an incomparable man; his honour is so nice, his nature so divine, that I am almost ready to adore him till he talks Greek, and then it's over with me; I know no more of the matter than a blind man does of colours.

"Your son Edward is the very *beauty of holiness:* he not only does faithful service to religion by the strong reasoning powers of his mind, but renders it lovely by the gracefulness of his manners. My spiritual pastor and teacher takes quite as much care of his own body, as he does of my soul: he is silent at his meals, but loud in talk and positive in argument, when he has satisfied his craving: he can't keep his temper at backgammon, when the dice go against him; yet if I ever slip out a hard word, as we soldiers are too apt to do, he takes up their cause at once and sermonizes against swearing. I don't think this is quite fair; for he swallows his oaths out of compliment to his cloth, and I from the habits of mine make it a point of honour to say nothing behind a gentleman's back that I won't say before his face. One day by chance he had not dined with me, and I sent to him to come and read the evening prayers to my crew of sinners as usual; for which, by the way, I pay him an annual stipend: he sent for answer it was not his custom to turn

out after dinner; he has never had it in his power to make that excuse again, and of course has regularly lulled Dame Richards and the old butler to sleep with his soporiferous homily as surely as the evening comes. I do not think there is in existence a worse enemy to edification than metheglin.

" Lord have mercy on me, what a household of idlers do I keep! I would make a total reform in my family, if I could flatter myself that I should live to reap the benefit of it; but that is not upon the chances, and I am such a lazy blockhead, so mere a caput mortuum, that I let them work their own will, and am content to lie at my length, like Sampson's lion, for the bees to make honey in my carcase.

" You must be sure to lay me at the feet of the divine Cecilia: for, if you don't do it for me, I can't do it for myself: I am quite as inflexible as the wax-work in Fleet Street; attempt to bend me, and I break asunder. I am absolutely good for nothing, and I dare say the gout only left me because there was no credit to be got by killing me. That same *podagra* is a purse-proud sycophant, and if he stoop to kiss your toe, were you the pope himself, he will make you pay dear for the compliment.

" I suppose you wonder why I write to you so long a letter: so do I; but though it wearies you with nonsense, it winds up with a truth, when I profess myself

Your cordial friend and faithful servant,

JOHN MORGAN."

[Vol. III. pp. 109, 114.]

There is something amusing in the following traits of Welch gallantry:

" This was so fair an opening, that Sir Owen could not miss it, and *upon this hint he spake*. His speech, though not remarkable for its eloquence, was extremely easy to be understood: he professed a very sincere esteem and high respect for the amiable Cecilia: he would make a very handsome settlement upon her, and add two horses to complete his set, so that she should command her

coach and six: he would new set the family jewels, furnish the best apartments afresh, and build her a conservatory: he would leave off smoking, take to tea in an afternoon, and learn quadrille: he would move the dog-kennel to a greater distance from his house, that the hounds might not wake her in a morning: he would stand candidate for the county at the next election, and as soon as he had taken his seat in parliament, and overturned the present ministry, he did not doubt of being made a lord. He said he was well aware of the lady's high pretensions on the score of pedigree, but he flattered himself he should have something to say on that head, when he had looked into matters, and refreshed his memory; this he knew for a fact, that old Robin ap Rees, his minstrel, had records to prove that his ancestors, the Ap Owens, were not drowned in the general deluge, but saved themselves with their goats on the tops of their mountains in Merionethshire; and this should be made appear to the satisfaction of Cecilia as clear as the sun at noon-day: he added in conclusion, that as a mark of his respect for the name of De Lancaster, his second son should bear it jointly with his own, coupled with another *ap*."—Vol. I. pp. 51, 53.

The proposer of these liberal offers is described with no less humour.

"Amongst the many suitors, who in various periods of her celibacy had been induced to propose themselves to her, none had been so persevering in his addresses as Sir Owen ap Owen, baronet, a gentleman by no means of yesterday, and possessed of a very fair and ample landed property, upon which there were no other incumbrances, save only the barren rocks and unproductive mountains, over which it stretched. He was indeed not very eminent as a scholar; for although Sir Owen had without doubt been taught to read, he had almost entirely discontinued the practice of it; and indeed, considering the nature of Sir Owen's more immediate pursuits, reading might very well be dispensed with, as it could only tend to interrupt his evening nap,

and not improve him in the art of hallooing to his hounds, or pushing round the tankard to a tawdry toast: he however administered justice to his neighbours, and settled differences in a summary way after a fashion of his own, by reference not to any books of law, but to the beer barrels in his cellar; by which his decision as a magistrate became extremely popular, and men quarreled first, that they might get drunk afterwards, and patch up the peace in their cups, which they had broken when they were sober. By these means Sir Owen got a good name in the county, and supported a considerable interest, which he never failed to employ, as his fathers had done before him, in opposing and railing at the minister of the day, whoever that obnoxious animal might chance to be."—Vol. I. pp. 4, 6.

We could not but smile at Mr. C.'s philippic against the present œconomy of the tea-table, and the indignation which he feels that the ministration of that elegant beverage should be left to the care of domestics. "In those times, says Mr. C. "the refreshments of the tea-table came reommended to our lips from the fair hands of the lady president, who delicately distinguished every person's right, and without confusion of property guarded his exclusive cup, and faithfully returned it to the owner: now some snuffy hectick house-keeper huddles all together, and indiscriminately serves out the messes, hot or cold, strong or weak, as chance directs, to be handed round the room for those, who chuse to try their luck in a lottery of hot water, very little better than poor Timon's dinner to his disappointed parasites."—Vol. III. p. 127.——We know not how to console Mr. C. under this affliction, but by suggesting a hint, that the practice in question, may tend to promote an imaginary pleasure, which Petronius has so delicately described in his Satiricon. We were less pleased with the reproof which our author bestows *en passant* upon the Corsican tyrant; such vulgar and misplaced side-hits should be left for Messrs. Dibdin and Cherry: we could also have pardoned his two harpers, otherwise very respectable personages, if their couplets

had betrayed a little more poetic spirit, after the copious libations of metheglin, with which they continually refreshed themselves. The few females, whom Mr. C. introduces in this novel, we are happy to see, keep their proper distance; and, consonantly with the characteristic coyness of their sex, are contented to be won, "not unsought:" a pleasure we did not expect, as the recollection of one Susan May stole in upon us. We take our leave of Mr. C. with many thanks for the pleasure, which his novel has afforded us, and our hearty wishes, that the extent of its circulation may answer his fullest expectations. There is little in it, which demands the severity of criticism, nor should we have been disposed to comment very severely on any faults we might have found. It is time, that a man "who is short of fourscore years by less than four," and who has added another name to the literary ornaments of his country, should feel no blasts, but those gentle ones, which agitate the laurels that grow round him, and bring their perfume more sensibly to his refreshment. Το γαρ γερας εστι γεροντων, at least of old men like Mr. Cumberland.

The Meteor, or a Short Blaze but a Bright One, a Farce in Two Acts. By J. B. Gent. With a Prefatory Advertizement by the Author. London, Bell and De Camp. 1808. 8vo. pp. viii. 41.

We understand that "J. B. Gent." is not the name of the author of this farce, but that it stands for J. B. Gentleman. As the production of the early age of nineteen, the Meteor, if not so brilliant as Congreve's corruscations at the same age, is by no means despicably dull. The farce wants plot; but it is nevertheless readable. Mr. J. B. has fallen into the error of most young authors, that of imitation; and in the present farce, besides the similarities to Love for Love and the Weathercock, to

which Mr. J. B. owns, the scene between Pinchall and Fundall in the first act, and that between Fundall and his son in the second contain many points which are to be found in parallel scenes between the Dorntons and Mr. Smith, in the Road to Ruin. Part of Henry Fundall's affected madness too is modelled from Hamlet's. The court-of-justice-scene in this farce, although it very much resembles that in the Weathercock, is rather more like reality than that; but it is very ill-introduced by the following colloquy:

" *Fundall.* The Law!

Henry. Ay, Sir, the Bar.

Fun. Ah Harry, I don't think you'll do for the Bar.

Hen. Why? I've impudence, wit—

Fun. And sophistry, Harry? Can you varnish a lie till it looks like the truth, turn black into white——

Hen. Ho, ho, ho.

Fun. Look big, stamp and stare, and appear to shine most when you've nothing to say.

Hen. Ay—I warrant you, dad—I can bully in style.

Fun. Come then, let's have a trial.

Hen. Done! A trial in form.

Fun. How in form?

Hen. Plaintiff and defendant, judge and jury. Here Timothy—Waiter—Timothy—Timothy.

Enter Waiter and Timothy.

Run and fetch me one judge's and two counsellor's wigs!

Waiter. Yes, Sir, in a moment. [*Exit* Waiter.

Hen. And Timothy you go and get us two gowns.

Tim. Yes, Sir.

Fun. Come; fly, man; for you must be judge.

Tim. I a judge! Ha, ha, ha. [*Exit* Tim.

Hen. Now the court.

Fun. True; well, bear a hand, boy; this table will do for the bench. (*they bring it towards the stage*) This chair will serve for a desk and the footstool. (*they place one before the table, the back to the audience.*)

Hen. And these for ourselves. (*take each a chair and place on each side*, &c.

Fun. So, that's settled; next we turn up for sides."——Pp. 30-31.

The second scene of the second act is naturally written; but it is wholly irrelevant to the farce. The following

is the scene, the resemblance between which and the first scene in Love for Love, the author says, is "so apparently great that the reader might imagine the author had copied the whole, or nearly the whole, out of Congreve, instead of which it will only be found [be found only] to have a general similarity in the style, and perhaps in the terms of some of the expressions; for though the speakers in both are engaged in railing against starvation and poetry, they employ very different weapons; and as to the subject, that neither of them can claim, [it] being as ancient as Mesdames the Muses themselves." We confess we cannot see the difference of weapon, of which Mr. J. B. talks: it appears to us that both Jeremy and Timothy, "with all the wit they can muster up, declaim against wit." At any rate our readers shall judge; for, imitated or not, Mr. J. B.'s scene is the best-written in his whole farce:—

"SCENE II.

A Room at an Inn in Holborn.

Servants (*without*). Mr. Fundall's trunks in that room.

Enter Porters with Boxes, and exit [*exeunt*].

Henry Fundall (*without*). Here Timothy, Timothy; Timothy, you scoundrel.

Tim. Coming sir, coming.

Hen. Coming sirrah; why where the Hell are you?

Tim. Here sir, here.

Enter Henry dressed in full style, and Timothy.

Hen. There, lay down the portmanteau, and reach me—Bishop Berkley!

Tim. Yes sir, (*reaches it and gives it to Henry.*)

Hen. (*throws himself into a chair.*) Heigh-ho, so Harry Fundall thou art once more in London, after a four years visit to Cambridge.

Tim. Yes sir, and if I may be bold enough to ask you, what might be your object in going there?

Hen. What! To take instruction at the fountain head of learning: to study the works of nature, the laws of gravitation——

Tim. Gravitation! you mean, sir, perpetual motion.

Hen. Ay, ay; Philosophy, Geography, History and Law, Physics and Metaphysics, the *tout-ensemble* of the Sciences, the Motions of the Stars!

Tim. Really sir! Well, I'm a fool to be sure: but of all the celestial objects your honour may have studied, I have only the recollection of two.

Hen. And which are they pray?

Tim. The Venus of a Bagnio, and the Mercury of an Apothecary.

Hen. Ha, ha, ha, you're a droll rascal 'pon honour. But how like you the town?

Tim. Why the place appears well enough.

Hen. But a confounded bad one to live in without money; and I'm a rich man if I can muster up twenty shillings. Let's see (*takes his purse and counts*). Half a guinea, two seven-shilling-pieces, three half crowns and a sixpence. Why Timothy here's a guinea, and a bottle of Champaigne! (*holds it up.*)

Tim. A bottle of Champaigne!

Hen. Come, come, pr'ythee leave off making those cursed long faces, unless you can persuade a seven-shilling-piece sympathetically to stretch itself into a guinea; 'slife you were once a fellow of spirit.

Tim. Ah, Sir, I once had a pretty choice spirit; but now I'm as dull as a problem in Mathematics, or a Jew-broker at a bad bargain; and in the present state of your affairs to hear you talk about living, is something like giving one a bill of fare upon the back of a death-warrant.

Hen. What! you the attendant of a man of genius, and complain of want.

Tim. A genius; you don't mean a Poet.

Hen. Yes.

Tim. Nay then we're past hope! a political scribbler or a newspaper critic may stand some little chance of a first-floor in Grub-Street, and dine upon mutton three days in a week; but a poet's kitchen, like an alderman's library, seldom exhibits any thing but empty shelves and musty old covers.

Hen. Well; go on, go on.

Tim. Why s'death, Sir, will you stoop to the attic story of a chandler's shop, and write sonnets upon brickdust to pay your rent? Do you mean to feed upon the elements of Euclid, and change your garret to an Observatory for the study of Astronomy?

Hen. So, so, since you set up for a wit, you may thrive by the fruits of it. There, (*gives him the book,*) read a page or two and satisfy your appetite.

Tim. What, is it a Treatise on Cookery, Sir?

Hen. The Quackery of Philosophy! By reading of that you may travel the world without stirring an inch, run a race in an easy

chair, split your skull against a post without making a fracture, and live like an epicure without eating or drinking.

Tim. Heh! Live without eating!

Hen. Ay, only by *fancying* that you are eating.

Tim. Oh, the same way you got all your learning.

Hen. How! But read fellow, read; and learn to live on intellectual food. Begin to eat the feast of reason, and drink the flow of the soul.

Tim. Why, Sir!

Hen. Your body is not a body, but you fancy it to be a body.

Tim. A body, indeed! I'm a mere alligation of vile skin and bone; and if we don't speedily alter our course, my whole corporal system, with all its component parts, members and limbs, will be dwindled to the decimal fraction of an atom, and visible only to the mind's eye of the diameter of a flee's jaw-bone.

Hen. Well then, fancy you are a spirit, and live by your fancy.

Tim. Psha.

Hen. So says Bishop Berkley.

Tim Bishop Berkley be damn'd.

Hen. Ha!

Tim. And all such ideal purveyors; they may dream that their noses are turned into tea-pots, cut the wind with their teeth, and *fancy* they're chewing buttock of beef; but I, Sir, am made of plain flesh and blood, that can't feed upon element food, or drink imaginary porter.

Hen. Read, read, I say, and purify your palate; and taste the juices of Pierian Springs.

Tim. No; I shall never have a poetical taste; tho' my *stomach* displays such a very poetical spirit.

Hen. Ay; you're pregnant I see.

Tim. Pregnant, Sir!

Hen. Your fancy's pregnant with celestial fire; for as the Poet says, "Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works."

Tim. A pretty conception!

Hen. If you only continue a day or two more in this state of starvation, we shall have an Ode from Timothy Quick that shall set all Parnassus in flames.

Tim. Why, I always was reckoned a lad of quick parts; and my old nurse once said I was born under Mercury.

Hen. Aye, Mercury, the herald of the gods! Apropos; there's a letter to my angelic Maria; (*takes one from the portmanteau,*) fly with it like lightning, borne on the wings of constancy and love!"——

pp. 7-12.

Adam and Margaret, or the cruel Father punished for his unnatural conduct to his Innocent Daughter, a Narrative of real incidents, with some reflections, and a proposal for cultivating a department of Literature, to be entitled *Private Biography*. By Alexander Molleson. Glasgow, Molleson. 8vo. pp. 40. 1809.

This tale very much resembles those of Miss More's Cheap Repository, and would be about as useful, were it printed in a cheaper form and without the notable "reflections" of Mr. Molleson and his sagacious "proposal for cultivating a department of literature." His "reflections" are of about the pitch of a lay-parson's commentaries on one of the parables of scripture; and as to his "department of literature *to be* entitled Private Biography," is not the press overwhelmed with private biography and private letters already? Mr. Molleson, as a bookseller, should have known this. Let him make his "Literary Proposals" to the surviving relatives or friends of any "illustrious dead," and they will not "spare private biography."

Sir Robert Porter's Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden.

(*Concluded from Vol. I. page* 526.)

Sir Robert Porter continued in Russia till the rupture between that country and this, and travelled home through Sweden, where he received from the hands of the King the equestrian order of knighthood of St. Joachim, and from those of the Queen the chivalric order of the Amaranth. There have been in the newspapers and in private mouths a good many reports as to Sir Robert Porter's connexions in Russia, and he himself talks of having "been already so brought before the eye of the public, that his history is not only well known, but his feelings more than guessed at"; but the knight tells his friend nothing about "his history," any further than

can be guessed from an enthusiastic partiality for "dear Mosco," which runs through many of his letters. By the way, we have, for this reason, very great doubts whether these *letters* were ever in the hands of postmasters: what is printed of them, at least, is not communicative enough from one friend to another: the materials of many of the letters too are less raw than an impromptu committal of them to paper and the post would present them; and in more than one place, the author connects his letters together, and calls them his "journal." At pp. 169 and 170 of the second volume, are two artful attempts to throw an air of reality over the letters, which would of themselves decide our opinion of their falsity. Sir Robert Porter there quotes two passages from Gibbon's Roman History word for word correctly, although the first consists of six and the second of fourteen lines, prefacing them with "As my memory is not the most tenacious in the world, if I trip a little in the precise words, *having not the books at hand*, you will forgive me," and, "I shall again attempt to recal my author's words." Now, if Sir Robert Porter's letters were written where and when they are dated, he has either the memory of Mnemosyne herself, or a pocket-edition of Gibbon. By the bye, too, many of Sir Robert's letters are forbiddingly long, and have several dates in point of scene, but only the month in which they pretend to have been written in point of time.

As the Edinburgh Review has very warmly panegyrised Sir Robert Porter's descriptions of St. Petersburgh, Moscow and Stockholm, without quoting them, our pages shall supply that deficiency.

"I am at a loss, my dear friend, where to commence a description of this splendid city. Every object excites admiration; and those objects are so numerous, that I find it difficult to select what you might deem most interesting, from an assembly of such, to me, equally prominent beauties. I, who have come direct from London, may perhaps view St. Petersburgh with peculiar impressions. The plainness of our metropolis, the almost total neglect of all architectural graces in the structure of even the best houses, and the absolute deformity of many of the inferior sort, all these things strike the eye as forci-

bly, though in an opposite direction, as mine was [struck] with the magnificence of St. Petersburgh. Such grandeur and symmetry in building, I never before beheld in any of the different capitals, to which my fondness for travel has conducted me. Every house seems a palace, and every palace a city.

" On every side are long and wide streets of highly decorated stone edifices, interspersed with the still more stately mansions of the nobility, the roofs of which are curiously painted in rich colours, harmoniously blending with the gilded domes and spires of the neighbouring churches. Although this city abounds in public buildings, in a style of gigantic architecture no where else to be found, yet the taste of the emperor and the industry of his subjects are daily undertaking new works, which, when completed, will still more strongly call forth the admiration of the traveller. Amongst the most beautiful of these growing structures, are the Kasan church, the New Exchange, the Manege for the hevalier guards, and the Façade of the Admiralty. I suppose no country can boast so long and uninterrupted a street as the great and English quay, the gigantic front and pavement of which are unparalleled. The canals are worthy of the same august hand; and the superb bridges, which clasp them from side to side, rear their colossal pillars in all the majesty of imperial magnificence. The dingy hue of bricks, or the frippery of plaister, seldom offends the eye in this noble city. Turn where you will, rise immense fabricks of granite; and did you not know the history of the place, you might suppose that it had been founded on a vast plain of that rocky production, whence had been derived the stones of the buildings, and in the bosom of which had been dug the river and canals that intersect its surface. But it is from the quarries of Finland that the Russians dig these bodies of granite, and transport and place them here in lasting monuments of their own unwearied industry. That mass, on which is erected the immortal statue of Peter the First, is one huge instance of their indefatigable labour; and the forest of columns in the New Metropolitan church is not a less worthy proof of the vigour, with which they pursue so meritorious a toil. This edifice, as I before said, is dedicated to

the mother of God of Kasan. Though far from being completed, sufficient is elevated of its plan to give a tolerably accurate idea of the sublime feature it will make in the face of this city. The architect, who is a Russian, seems to have had the image of St. Peter in his mind when he laid the foundations of this building; and if it be finished as it is begun, I have no doubt of its being a very powerful rival to the two great cathedrals of Rome and London. The pillars intended for the inside of the church are to be each of one entire stone, the shaft, in length fifty two feet, polished to the utmost perfection, and surmounted with a capital of the Corinthian order richly gilt and burnished. Every other ornament will be in corresponding taste. Niches are formed on the exterior, for the reception of bronze statues of Saints fifteen feet high; and at some distance, in front of the building, is to be erected a single column of granite of two hundred feet in length, a piece of that size, sufficient to form it, having lately been discovered. Its magnitude will be so immense [great] as to exceed the height of Pompey's pillar by many feet. It is expected that in the course of four or five years the whole work will be completed. At that period the old church is to be pulled down; and thus an area will be left that must considerably improve the situation of the new. The architect of this great design was formerly a slave of Count Strogonoff; but that nobleman, out of respect to his talents, gave him his liberty."—Vol. 1. pp. 19—21.

"Mosco is luxuriantly situated on an extent of country rather irregular, having in its spacious champaign a few rising grounds. Of all cities I ever beheld, it is the most curious and un-European. On viewing it from an eminence you see a vast plain, as far as the eye can reach, covered with houses, even to the very horizon, where the lofty towers of gorgeous palaces, and the glittering steeples of churches, sparkle in the sky.

"The city is built on the banks of two rivers, the Moskva (whence it takes its name) and the Yausa. Mosco was anciently divided into five districts, and as they in part yet retain their distinctions, you will have a clearer idea of this colossal town by having a description of these partitions. They lie one within the other. The interior

circle is called the Kremlin, a Tartarian word for the fortress. The Kitai-gorod, or Tartar town, is the second circle. The Biel-gorod, called so (the White town) from a wall of that hue, which surrounds it, is the third. The fourth circle is named Zemlenoi-gorod from its earthen rampart. The slobodes, or suburbs, inclose all these, and form the extremest boundary of Mosco.

"The Kremlin stands in the city on an elevated bank of the Moskva. Within its walls stands the ancient palace of the Tzars, rendered particularly interesting from its having been the residence of princes, whose names need only be mentioned to command the homage of being heart-loyal to kingly virtue. Mikhaila Romanoff, Alexey Mikhailovitch, Feodor, and the Great Peter, once inhabited these towers, and still sanctify them by their memories. The appearance of the palace is venerable; but it contains nothing of any consequence to see.

"The cathedrals around the palace, which I understood are five in number, besides convents, parish churches, and colleges, give it rather a monastic solemnity. These are all richly endowed, and ornamented in the most costly manner. In one of the churches lie the remains of the Prince Demetrius, who was so cruelly murdered, and is now regarded as a saint. Along with his relics repose those of several grand princes and Tzars. Their tombs are of stone, covered with palls of scarlet velvet, superbly embroidered. The cathedral dedicated to the Ascension, possesses a perfect treasury of religious consecrations; and it is distinguished above the rest, it being the place where all the emperors of Russia are crowned. Not far from the cathedral is the Synodal palace, where formerly the patriarchs dwelt, and which now contains an invaluable library. Near to that is the Senate House, a magnificent building erected by Catharine the Second, and also the arsenal, a strong compact edifice. The Kremlin is parted from the Tartar town by a brick wall whitened, very high, and embattled in the eastern manner. My sketch of the city and this fortress will shew you the form of the fortification. At various distances are towers square and round, with spiral minarets, covered with scaly tiles like the skin of fish, painted green, yellow and crimson, surmounted with a gilded ball and fane. It is

curious to observe the similarity between this turreted bulwark and the well-known Chinese wall so well pourtrayed in Lord Macartney's Embassy to China. The resemblance is so close, that we might think the same engineer had exerted his abilities in both countries.

" Before I left the precincts of this interesting place, I ascended the tower of the church of Ivan the Great, which commands a view of the whole surrounding plain. Although the monotonous paleness of winter then shrouded its bosom, yet the *coup d'œuil* was transcendently magnificent. The sun shone with unattempered splendour through an atmosphere, whose clearness cannot be conceived in England; the variegated colours on the tops of innumerable buildings, the sparkling particles of snow on the earth and palaces, the fanes and crescents of the churches flashing their blazing gold, and, added to all, the busy world beneath, passing and repassing in their superb dresses and decorated sledges, presented such a scene of beauty and grandeur, that I should have thought myself repaid for my disagreeable journey, had I even been obliged to return to St. Petersburgh immediately, in beholding so glorious a view.

" The Kitai-gorod, the second division, is built round the Kremlin. Some, by that term, mean to call it the Tartar city, and others the Chinese town. I have not acquired Russ enough to tell you whether the word Katai equally applies to China and to Tartary; but that both nations have a pretence to naming it, we all know, the Tartars by their conquests, and the Chinese from the great commerce they once held with Mosco. This district, by way of eminence, is usually called Gorod, the city, and is surrounded with a wall and other fortifications. From the number of its shops and warehouses, the Asiatic apparel of the buyers and sellers, it reminded me of what I had read of Bagdat in the time of the Caliphs, when the chief merchants of the East used to assemble in its populous streets. The number of shops and warehouses, which compose [s] this mart, are [is] nearly six thousand.

" There are some colleges in this city, and many private residences, amongst the most spacious of which is the house of Count Tcheremetieff. Its churches are

mostly on the plan of St. Petersburgh, of which, I believe, I formerly gave you a sketch. Some in this district are of the ancient architecture, and others, built in more modern taste, are grotesque imitations of Greek and Roman temples; and yet, notwithstanding their defects, they form not an unpleasing variety with the Asiatic structures around. The effect of the latter edifices is picturesque and splendid. The great mass or body of the church is square, ornamented with small semi-circular arches and columns similar to our Saxon architecture. This building is surmounted by five minarets, one at each end, and a lance in the middle, shaped like an inverted balloon. They are all magnificently covered with ducat gold. A high gilt cross rises from the centre, beneath which is a crescent, a mark of triumph over Mahometanism both religious and military. When the Tartars, to whom Moscovy was subject two centuries, profaned any of the churches with their worship, they fixed the crescent, the badge of their prophet, upon its pinnacle. On Mosco being regained to the empire by the Grand Prince Ivan Basilovitch, he did not tear down the crescent, but planted the cross above it, as a memorial of his victory. Not many paces from the main body of the church stands a narrow and higher tower of a different form from the minarets, [it] being pyramidical. This contains the bells, and they are sounded by pulling their tongues against their sides: hence it is not difficult to toll those of the most enormous size. These machines are at work the greater part of the day; but very lucky it is both for the steeples and the town that they are not struck in the English fashion: half the belfreys would have been down by this time, and all the people in the city driven deaf. Imagine the bells of a thousaud churches (with five at least in each), clanging all at once, without harmony or variety; for they never ring in peals! The noise, in quality, is as bad as marrow-bones and cleavers; and in quantity, more uproarious than any thing I can conceive since Big Tom at Oxford bereft the university of their hearing, and broke all the windows in the town.

"Over the grand entrance of the church is usually painted the legend of the Saint to whom it is dedicated. The inside is embellished in a similar taste, with gothic

ornaments, and pictures imitated from Albert Durer, in a style not likely to rescue the fame of the Russian artists.

"The most remarkable church in Mosco, for these internal decorations, is within this circle. It was the production of an Italian architect, brought from Italy by the tyrant Ivan Basilovitch on purpose to build him a church. On his arrival, the monarch gave him orders to erect an edifice that should be unequalled in taste and splendour throughout the world. Ivan was obeyed. The fabric was finished; and all Mosco crouded to express their admiration of its perfections. The poor artist's head could not bear such a whirlwind of adulation; and being complimented by a bow of the court on having produced a proof of his skill that never could be equalled, his intoxicated vanity dictated this unfortunate reply: "It is nothing to one I could yet build." This declaration reached the ears of the Tzar. The Italian was summoned; and the tyrant, repeating what he had heard, added, "I shall put it out of your power to make any other country boast a church more splendid than mine," and immediately had the wretched man's eyes thrust out in his presence.

"Time and circumstances are powerful changers of taste. I looked at this wondrous structure with all my *admiration* directed to the stupidity of the artist, and the blindness of the prince, in not discovering it to be the most clumsy, cumbersome, and hideous mass that ever disgraced a civilized country. I am almost inclined to believe that the turn of the story should be reversed, and that the tyrant, struck with the failure of his plan, determined to deserve the world's gratitude in one act at least, by rendering so vile an architect incapable of again burthening any part of the earth with the like specimen of ignorance, bad taste, and absurdity.

"Biel-gorod, called the White Town from its ramparts, but formerly Tzaref (the city of the Tzars), surrounds the foregoing division, and consists of numerous monasteries, seventy churches, the university founded by the Empress Elizabeth, the foundling hospital, and many public institutions, besides the spacious dwellings of some of the ancient princely families and other nobility.

"Semlenoi-gorod, so called from its eastern boundary, and the slobodes or suburbs, form the outward girdle of this immense city, and in their numerous and antiquated streets shew all the varieties attached to a great capital, on one side splendid mansions, on the other dingy hovels filled with all the depressing effects of bondage. The pleasantest parts of these suburbs are inhabited by Germans, and also a band of noble Georgians, who, with a large train of followers, retired hither. The districts allotted to these strangers partake of their character, and are very interesting."—Vol. I. pp. 198, 204.

"The contrast between this city (Stockholm) and St. Petersburgh struck me forcibly, and certainly much to the advantage of the latter. The streets of Stockholm are inconveniently as well as inelegantly narrow. The interior of the houses is dirty, the architecture shabby, and all strikes as very low and confined. Yet I must except the palace; and that is commanding, in a grand and simple taste. It is square, on an elevated ground, has a spacious court in the centre, and is in every way worthy a royal residence. Near the entrance are two large bronze lions: who was the artist I cannot learn; but they are admirably executed. As we view the palace from the water, it reminds us of Somerset-House, though it far exceeds the British structure in size, magnificence, and sound architecture.

"Stockholm cannot boast any considerable place or square, nor indeed any street wider than an English lane. However, as every thing in this world suffers or gains by comparison, perhaps when I have passed a few weeks here, and the vividness of Russian topography is a little faded, I may fancy the streets wider, and the open places more capacious. Coming from the finest city in Europe, perhaps, may affect the senses like one suddenly brought from excessive light into the shade: my eye is not yet capable of embracing at a moment what use will afterwards make me see and estimate.

"The situation of this capital demands finer edifices. Like St. Petersburgh, it is built on islands; seven, of different extent, form its basis. They lie between the Baltic and the Malar lake. The harbour is sufficiently deep, even up to the quay, to receive the largest vessels.

The city is supposed to have been founded in the year 1252 by Birger Jarl, regent of the kingdom; but the court was not removed hither from Upsal before the last century. At the extremity of the harbour the streets rise one above the other in the form of an amphitheatre, with the magnificent palace, like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear, in the centre. Except in the suburbs, where a few houses are of wood, the buildings are generally of stone, or of brick stuccoed, which at a little distance has a similar effect. The several islands, on which the city is erected, are united by twelve bridges."

Vol. II. pp. 118, 119.

At pages 39 and 68, there are two very curious anecdotes of the Emperors Peter and Paul; we would transcribe one of them, for which only we have room, but that we are loth to rob the one, in order to pay the other.

Upon the whole, Sir Robert Porter's volumes are by no means what his opportunities for observation and actual observation might have made them. His style is lamentable: his vivacity is perfectly afflicting: what do our readers think of the following playfulness? "Having kept you so long in the company of one set of *belles*, I shall introduce you to another of a somewhat different appearance, I mean those that adorn the churches, not the *belles* of the cloister, but the bells of the steeple." Vol. i. p. 234. Funny man! And again in the next page: "Having now given you a peal, or rather cheated you of one, as I have introduced you to none but silent bells, I will bid you good night, well aware that you have had lullaby enough in this letter." But we have a viler pun than this, at p. 255, and it is introduced into a subject, upon which a man ought to be whipt for joking. This is the whole passage: "It is a very common thing for the nose, ears or any other extremity exposed to the air, to be frost-bitten, which effect takes place unfelt by the sufferer himself; and if some friendly person is not passing by early in the operation, to give notice of its seizure, the consequence is inevitable. If, on the instant, the part congealed be not well rubbed with snow, to recall circulation, the result is obvious; a few moments place the afflicted in a most *mortifying* situation, and a few hours deprive him of ears, fingers or nose, a

circumstance not enviable, although he has the consolation, that he runs no risk of its ever happening again." Ha! ha! ha! that's very pleasant! But the following pun is the vilest of the vile. "My purgatory in this solitary *share* (for you must remark that *share* is Swedish for rock) continued two days. However, on the fifteenth of this month (January) a fine morning appeared, with a favourable wind; and embarking with as much eagerness as poor Achilles would have done, if, by jumping into Charon's ferry, he might have been translated into the upper world again, I pushed away from Singleshare, most devoutly hoping that *single* should ever be my *share* of visiting that execrable rock." Vol. ii. p. 114. Here is more of our author's vivacity, if our readers have not had enough of it. "And—*another and* —You see how catching these bathos-ical moods are, how Alexandrinally they drawl out the sentence!" Vol. ii. p. 123. Next to dull vivacity, our author excels in common-place reflexion. The following is a specimen of the manner in which our "Jaques moralizes the spectacle."

"Strange infatuation of man, to waste his days in providing for a period which he never seeks [reaches]! From youth to age he suffers every privation that inclement elements, chearless labours, and joyless society can inflict, to amass a hoard of wealth, useless to him there: yet there he lives, gathering more and more, daily intending to return home to his native country, and enjoy his riches, and yet putting it off for another bag of gold, till death surprises him. Then on his cold bed he finds that he has suffered and toiled in vain: a kindred, who had perhaps forgotten all of him but his name, *were to reap* the reward of his labours; while he filled a dismal grave beneath the frozen pole!" [not a light airy vault beneath the meridian.] Vol. i. p. 254. Sir Robert Porter should have appeared before the public with more ceremony himself; and he would have found his critics more ceremonious towards him. He is undoubtedly a man of talents; but he is a bad author, and he does not go the way to become a good one.

Tales of Fashionable Life, by Miss Edgeworth, Author of Practical Education, Belinda, Castle Rackrent, Essay on Irish Bulls, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London. Johnson. 1809.

This is another set of tales from the pen of the most original and beautiful tale-writer of the present day. Every body knows, every body admires and loves, the chasteness and utility of the Moral Tales and the Popular Tales, the one directed to youth, the other to people in the middle stations of life: the present volumes are Tales of Fashionable Life, and are calculated to be quite as captivating and useful as either of the author's former publications. The objects of each of the tales in the present volumes are well pointed out by Miss Edgeworth's father, who writes her preface.

"The first of the stories is called 'Ennui.' The causes, curses and cure of this disease are exemplified, I hope, in such a manner, as not to make the remedy worse than the disease. Thiebauld tells us, that a prize essay was read to the Academy of Berlin, which put all the judges to sleep.

"'Almeria' gives a view of the consequences, which usually follow the substitution of the gifts of fortune in the place of merit; and it shows the meanness of those, who imitate manners, and haunt company, above their station in society. Difference of rank is a continual excitement to laudable emulation; but those, who consider the being admitted into circles of fashion as the summit of human bliss and elevation, will here find how grievously such frivolous ambition may be disappointed and chastised.

"'Madame de Fleury' points out some of the means which may be employed by the rich, for the real advantage of the poor. This story shows, that sowing gold does not always produce a golden harvest; but that knowledge and virtue, when early implanted in the human breast, seldom fail to make ample returns of prudence and felicity.

"'The Dun' is intended as a lesson against the common folly of believing that a debtor is able by a few cant phrases to alter the nature of right and wrong: we had once thoughts of giving to these books the title of "Fashi-

onable Tales." Alas! the Dun could never have found favour with fashionable readers.

" 'Manœuvring' is a vice to which the little great have recourse, to shew their second-rate abilities. Intrigues of gallantry upon the Continent frequently lead to political intrigue: amongst us the attempts to introduce this *improvement* of our manners have not yet been successful; but there are, however, some, who in every thing they say or do, shew a predilection for this "left-handed wisdom." It is hoped that the picture here represented of a *manœuvrer* has not been made alluring."

These are all the tales of the present volumes; and Mr. Edgeworth has left the reviewer little to say of them. 'Ennui,' as a story, is rather dull of incident till towards the middle of it. The circumstance of " changing the children" is "somewhat musty," and beneath Miss Edgeworth's natural invention. The characters of this story are, however, finely drawn. 'Almeria' is a charming tale: the progress of the heroine's elevation in society from step to step is natural in the extreme. This story may be of more real service to society than fifty sermons on ambition. 'Madame de Fleury' is more like what Miss Edgeworth has written before than any tale in the collection; but it is for that reason excellent. 'The Dun' is a most dramatic story: the catastrophe, by the way, is taken from Foote's Minor. 'Manœuvring' is the *chef d'œuvre* of the whole. The characters of Mrs. Beaumont and Mr. Palmer, are inimitable. Miss Edgeworth has certainly the talent of fetching out and exposing the lesser vices, more than any dramatist or novelist that ever lived. To quote any part of these volumes would be highly superfluous; for we hope we have not a reader who will not be her's. We have nothing more to say, except to observe that the allusion to the anecdote of Lewis XIV. in p. 88 of vol. 1. occurs on a precisely similar occasion in the story of 'Simple Susan' in the Parents' Assistant.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A Narrative of the Campaign of the British army in Spain, commanded by lieutenant general Sir John Moore, by his brother, James Moore, esq. from authentic documents, is expected to appear next month. It will be accompanied with illustrative plates, and a head of Sir John Moore, engraven by Heath.

Sir Jonah Barrington, judge of the court of Admiralty of Ireland, has in the press, Historic Anecdotes and Secret Memoirs of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland. It will comprise a view of Irish affairs from the year 1780, and be embellished with numerous portraits of the distinguished characters.

Capt. Hewitson, author of the play of the Blind Boy, has in the press, the Fallen Minister and other Tales, from the German of Spies.

M. de Gardanne, brother of the French ambassador at Persia, has published a journal of his travels in Turkey and Persia, which is already translated, and will be published very shortly.

A collection of Original Letters between Bishop Nicholson and several of his learned contemporaries is announced for speedy publication.

A Translation of the Voyage of Discovery to the South Seas, performed by order of Buonaparte, is in the press.

The Novels and Miscellaneous Works of Daniel de Foe are printing in 10 volumes foolscap octavo.

A. F. Holstein, author of Sir Owen Glendour, will speedily publish a novel in four volumes, entitled, the Assassin of St. Glenron, or the Axis of Life.

Mr. Pratt is preparing to publish some Specimens of Poetry, by Joseph Blacket, a youth of extraordinary poetical promise, who, from an undistinguished situation, by no means favourable to mental exertion, is by some eminent literary characters deemed one of the most highly gifted individuals that has for a long time been seen among us.

Mr. Francis Lathom has a work in the press, entitled, the Romance of the Hebrides, or Wonders never cease.

The Voyage to Pekin of M. de Guignes, French resident in China, is nearly ready for publication in an English press.

The Rev. James Wilmot Ormsby, chaplain on the staff of the army, will shortly publish, in two octavo volumes, an Account of the Operations of the British Army in Spain and Portugal, and of the state and sentiments of the inhabitants, during the campaigns of 1808-9, in a series of letters.

Some original dramatic fragments by Steele and Addison will appear in a few days, in a new and enlarged edition of Steele's Epistolary Correspondence.

A work of great erudition and entertainment will shortly appear, under the title of Anonymiana, compiled by a late very learned divine.

The Rev. Ed. Valpy, author of the Elegantiæ Latinæ, is preparing a new edition of Robertson's Phrase Book, with alterations and improvements.

The Posthumous Works of the late Rev. John Skinner, episcopal clergyman, in Longside, Aberdeenshire, will shortly be published to subscribers, in two octavo volumes. An additional volume, containing a collection of the author's poetry, is also nearly ready for publication.

The Rev. J. Owen has in the press a new and elegant edition, being the seventh, of the Fashionable World Displayed.

Mr. Arthur Owen is preparing for the press a small volume of Poems.

The Rev. F. Howes, author of Miscellaneous Poetical Translations, will shortly publish a translation of the Satires of Horace.

Mr. Francis Hardy is preparing a Life of the late Earl of Charlemont, including a view of the affairs of Ireland during a very important period.

Miss Byron, author of the Englishwoman, has in the press a novel called the Ancient Castle and Modern Villa, or the Peer and the Alderman.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

A Military Concerto for the Piano Forte, with accompaniments, composed for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by *J. Latour.*

It is astonishing to see how vanity will lead some men on to attempt the most arduous works, though destitute of every qualification necessary to success; this is an observation naturally made, upon hearing that Mr. Latour, from being an arranger of paltry rondos and little country-dances without science or taste, has suddenly started forth as a composer of concertos; nor can we conceive that any thing, but a mistaken idea of his talent, could have induced him to do so, as it is not probable, that a single copy of such a work should ever be purchased; for to amateurs it will be useless, being arranged for a full band, and it is certainly not adapted for professors, who have too much taste to select Mr. Latour's compositions for their public performances. Not contented with the usual accompaniments of a concerto, this gentleman has called to his aid, all the head-splitting noise and confusion, to which our present composers are so ambitious of attaining, that they seem to appreciate their success, according to the influence of their music upon the tenderness of our nerves. Determined to be behind no one, Mr. Latour introduces in addition to trumpets, trombones and double-drums, those exquisite instruments so renowned for their delicate pathos and utility in theatrical overtures, the side-drum, cymbal and triangle. This superabundance of parts, swells the concerto to the most unreasonable length of twenty sheets, and really at this time, when the scarcity of paper raises the prices of all publications so enormously, one cannot but regret that so valuable a commodity should be lavished away on so indifferent a performance.

Rondo for the Harp, with accompaniments for Violin, Violoncello, and two French Horns, composed by Samuel Webbe, junior. Birchall, London.

This rondo from its variety of fingering, is a very

good lesson, and is provided with accompaniments for instruments, which from their capacity of holding notes, are well adapted to the harp, an instrument that is always heard to the greatest advantage when thus contrasted.

Three original Canzonets composed and dedicated to Mrs. Bland, by M. P. King. Birchall, London.

These canzonets are judiciously dedicated to Mrs. Bland, who possesses greater talent for songs of the simple ballad kind, than any performer now living, Mrs. Liston excepted, though in those of a sprightly cast, we think she surpasses even her. The first canzonet, "The jessamine bower" has a smooth agreeable air, but is still very deficient in originality; the second, called "Good night," is a very pleasing andante and less common than the first, but the third is of rather inferior merit. The name of the author of the words, to which this music is set, has been prudently concealed, for more hobbling or senseless verse never yet appeared in print; if they are the production of Mr. King himself, he might as well have owned it at once, for to select such words is quite as discreditable as to have written them. As a favourable specimen of their merit, we select the words of the second canzonet, which are comprised in two lines, that possess as much variety of metre as two lines are capable of, the first, consisting of seven syllables, and the last of ten, a species of original irregularity, which Mr. King undoubtedly admires; they are as follow:

> "Parting is such sweet sorrow,
> "I could say good night until to-morrow."

As we are sure our readers will be satisfied with this couplet, which is Shakspeare tortured, we shall now wish good night to these compositions, which we are convinced will enjoy as sound a sleep as any other productions of this master, whose indiscriminate publication of good and bad music has so injured his name, that he scarcely obtains any praise for such of his compositions as deserve it.

A Sonata for the Piano Forte, with an accompaniment for the flute or violin, composed and respectfully inscribed to the Rev. C. Macarthy, by S. F. Rimbault. Birchall, London.

The less that is said about Mr. Rimbault's works, the more he will be pleased, as they are far from being adapted to our fastidious taste, although they have the good fortune to possess some attractions, that ensure them a place in the collections of most boarding-school young ladies, and a certain favour with the admirers of Mr. Latour's productions, to which they bear some affinity.

Wake! Lines addressed by a young Lady eight years of age, to her infant brother sleeping. The music composed and inscribed to Mr. R. Winter, by William Horsley, M. B. Oxon. Birchall, London.

After speaking of such composers as the foregoing, it is some relief to turn to the works of Horsley; but we much regret, that, in the present instance, we cannot be so profuse in our eulogium as we have been on former occasions. This song, under the strange and abrupt title of "Wake!" is, we are satisfied, one on which Mr. Horsley, would be sorry to rely for any portion of his fame, as it appears to have been composed carelessly, and is certainly altogether the most indifferent of his compositions that we have yet seen.

The Wood Nymph, a glee for three voices, written by Mr. Lewes, composed by Mr. Webbe, junior. Birchall, London.

There is something pretty in the andantino parts of this glee, and in the allegretto, where the first voice holds the key note, while the second treble and bass move upwards in thirds, although the general character of the latter movement is common, and indeed $\frac{6}{8}$ time is capable of so little variety, that it is difficult to compose a movement in it to have an original effect.

The words of this glee are a gross imitation of those, to which Mr. Mazzinghi has composed his ingenious glee of "The Wreath."

REVIEW OF THE FINE ARTS.

Royal Academy Exhibition,

(*Concluded from Vol. I. page* 53.)

No. 119. *The Bard, from Gray's Pindaric Ode, by B. West, R. A.*

This is the same identical old man, who has stood Mr. West in so much stead in most of his pictures, in the characters of various heroes and apostles, and he now, in the disguise of a tremendous beard and hoary hair, occupies the post of honour in the great room as Gray's bard. The figure is in a very stradling attitude, and standing on such a very point of rock, as would require a man to possess the equipoise of a Richer, to maintain such a situation for a moment. The chief merit of the picture is, the colouring of the flesh, to which Mr. West seems to have sacrificed much in his later pictures, and which in the present instance we think much too firm and delicate for so old a man.

No. 123 *and* 129. *The Cut Finger and the Rent Day, by D. Wilkie.*

To write a good criticism on these pictures is no easy task; it is to write that most difficult of all things, a good panegyric: we could readily write a description, but this would be very easy and very useless, easy, for it would be only repeating what the picture so ably speaks, and useless, for it would be doing it so much worse. Mr. Wilkie has in these pictures evinced an improvement in the more technical parts of his art, and no falling off in the more exalted.

No. 124. *Good News, by E. Bird.*

This is the production of a provincial artist, who, we understand, has been some time engaged in subjects of familiar life; it may be justly characterized as in most particulars a degree below Wilkie's, but in one, in which the latter artist particularly excels, that of clearly de-

veloping the story of the whole, and the individual connexion of each figure, it is considerably more deficient; and perhaps in the drawing it may not so nearly approach Wilkie's, as in some other points. Though the picture at first sight bear a resemblance to Wilkie's style, yet the different character of the heads, sufficiently shews that the artist is no imitator but of nature, and that the similarity is merely owing to both artists viewing her in the same light. We hail Mr. Bird as a good Ostade to our most excellent Teniers,

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No. 182. *A Herd attacked by Lions, one of the compartments of the shield of Achilles, by R. Westall, R. A.*

Mr. Westall has very properly treated the subject as he conceived the original painter of the shield of the warrior would have done; and, in so doing, is perfectly justified in giving the antique form he has given to "the master of the herd," who, however unlike he may be to the bulls which graze in our pastures, is still an accurate resemblance of the animal, conveyed to us by the representations of the ancients. Had the painting merely intended to depict a herd attacked by lions, the artist might have been justly charged with an affectation of classicality, but the case is very different, when it is intended as a compartment of the shield of Achilles, and a beautiful description of Homer embodied. The colouring is very brilliant. The shew of resistance in the faces of the dogs, is admirably contradicted by the attitude of their bodies, and positions of their tails.

No. 259. *The celebrated old Roman Tribune Dentatus, making his last desperate effort against his own soldiers, who attacked and murdered him in a narrow pass. Vide Hooke's Roman History. by B. R. Haydon.*

An excellent picture, unaccountably placed in a situation of all others in which it was most likely to be overlooked. The desperation of the hero is finely conceived; his muscles seem to be in an almost spasmodic

action, the veins are turgid, and the expression of the countenance is awfully determined: all this is admirably contrasted with the feeble efforts and pallid hue of the wretch who has just fallen a victim to his efforts. This work has the true character of genius, originality; we are sorry to detract from this, in even one instance, but the figure on the eminence, who is just prepared for letting fall an immense stone, has too much resemblance both in attitude and expression to Northcote's assassin, in the Children Smothered iu the Tower. The colouring is forcible and striking, but harmonious.

Among the miniatures this year, there is more excellence and less mediocrity than we ever recollect. This branch of the art is now followed by artists, who have some knowledge of drawing and *claire oscure;* and the mere coloured outlines begin to give place to really good portraits. As specimens of this, we would adduce No. 629, by A. Robertson, No. 684, by A. Pope, and the miniatures of Hargreave's, Engleheart, Newton, Murphy, &c. We think Nos. 663 and 664, by R. Bull, very complete specimens of the former. Mr. Bone's enamels are as usual prominent.

In sculpture, among a profusion of plaister busts, we notice No. 817, Resignation, a statue in marble, by J. Flaxman, R. A., a beautiful female figure enveloped in a fine contour of drapery, of the chastest description, fine sweeping lines, with no unmeaning discrimination of texture, and No. 858, an exquisite bronze by Westmacot.

VERSE.

COWPER'S TRANSLATION OF
MILTON'S EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

[*Concluded from p.* 445, *vol.* I.]

" Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ah, what delusion lur'd me from my flocks,
To traverse Alpine snows, and rugged rocks!

What need so great had I to visit Rome,
Now sunk in ruins, and herself a tomb?
Or had she flourish'd still, as when of old
For her sake Tityrus forsook his fold,
What need so great had I t'incur a pause
Of thy sweet intercourse for such a cause,
For such a cause to place the roaring sea,
Rocks, mountains, woods, between my friend and me?
Else, had I grasp'd thy feeble hand, compos'd,
Thy decent limbs, thy drooping eye-lids clos'd,
And, at the last, had said, "Farewell! ascend!
Nor even in the skies forget thy friend!"

"Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Although well-pleas'd, ye tuneful Tuscan swains!
My mind the mem'ry of your worth retains,
Yet not your worth can teach me less to mourn
My Damon lost. He too was Tuscan born,
Born in your Lucca, city of renown!
And wit possessed and genius like your own.
Oh how elate was I, when stretch'd beside
The murm'ring course of Arno's breezy tide,
Beneath the poplar grove I pass'd my hours,
Now cropping myrtles, and now vernal flow'rs,
And hearing, as I lay at ease along,
Your swains contending for the prize of song!
I also dar'd attempt (and, as it seems,
Not much displeas'd attempting) various themes,
For even I can presents boast from you,
The shepherd's pipe, and ozier basket too,
And Dati and Francini, both have made,
My name familiar to the beechen shade.
And they are learn'd and each in ev'ry place
Renown'd for song, and both of Lydian race.

"Go, go my lambs, untended homeward fare,
My thoughts are all now due to other care,

While bright the dewy grass with moon-beams shone,
And I stood hurdling in my kids alone,
How often have I said (but thou had'st found
Ere then thy dark cold lodgment under ground)
Now Damon sings, or springes sets for hares,
Or wicker-work for various use prepares!
How oft, indulging fancy, have I plann'd
New scenes of pleasure, that I hop'd at hand,
Call'd thee abroad as I was wont, and cried,
" What hoa! my friend; come, lay thy task aside;
Haste, let us forth together, and beguile
The heat, beneath yon whisp'ring shades awhile;
Or on the margin stray of Colne's clear flood,
Or where Cassibelan's grey turrets stood!
There thou shalt cull me simples, and shalt teach
Thy friend the name and healing pow'rs of each,
From the tall blue-bell to the dwarfish weed,
What the dry land, and what their marshes breed,
For all their kinds alike to thee are known,
And the whole art of Galen is thy own.
Ah, perish Galen's art, and wither'd be
The useless herbs, that gave not health to thee!
Twelve ev nings since, as in poetic dream
I meditating sat some statelier theme,
The reeds no sooner touch'd my lip, though new.
And unassay'd before, than wide they flew,
Bursting their waxen bands, nor could sustain
The deep-ton'd music of the solemn strain;
And I am vain perhaps, but I will tell
How proud a theme I chuse—ye groves farewell!

" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Of Brutus, Dardan-chief, my song shall be,
How with his barks, he plough'd the British sea,
First from Rutupia's tow'ring headland seen,
And of his consort's reign, fair Imogen;

Of Brennus, and Belinus, brothers bold,
And of Arviragus, and how of old
Our hardy sires th' Armorican controll'd,
And of the wife of Gorlois, who, surpris'd
By Uther, in her husband's form disguis'd.
(Such was the force of Merlin's art) became
Pregnant with Arthur of heroic fame.
These themes I now revolve; and, oh! if fate
Proportion to these themes my lengthen'd date,
Adieu my shepherd's reed! yon pine-tree bough
Shall be my future home, there dangle thou,
Forgotten and disus'd, unless ere long
Thou change thy Latian for a British song;
A British? even so: the pow'rs of man
Are bounded; little is the most he can;
And it shall well suffice me, and shall be
Fame, and proud recompence enough for me,
If Usa, golden-hair'd, my verse may learn,
If Alain, bending o'er his chrystal urn,
Swift-whirling Abra, Trent's o'ershadow'd stream,
Thames, lovelier far than all in my esteem,
Tamar's ore-tinctur'd flood, and, after these,
The wave-worn shores of utmost Orcades.

" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
All this I kept in leaves of laurel-rind
Enfolded safe, and for thy view design'd,
This; and a gift from Manso's hand beside,
(Manso, not least his native city's pride)
Two cups, that radiant as their giver shone,
Adorn'd by sculpture, with a double zone.
The spring was graven there; here slowly wind
The Red-Sea shore with groves of spices lin'd;
Her plumes of various hues amid the boughs
The sacred, solitary Phœnix shows,
And, watchful of the dawn, reverts her head
To see Aurora leave her wat'ry bed.

In other part, th' expensive vault above,
And there too, even there, the god of Love;
With quiver arm'd, he mounts, his torch displays
A vivid light, his gem-tipp'd arrows blaze,
Around, his bright and fiery eyes he rolls,
Nor aims at vulgar minds, or little souls,
Nor deigns one look below, but aiming high
Sends ev'ry arrow to the lofty sky,
Hence forms divine, and minds immortal, learn
The pow'r of Cupid, and enamour'd burn.

" Thou also, Damon (neither need I fear
That hope delusive), thou art also there;
For whither should simplicity like thine
Retire, where else such spotless virtue shine?
Thou dwell'st not (thought profane) in shades below,
Nor tears suit thee; cease then my tears to flow,
Away with grief! on Damon ill bestow'd,
Who, pure himself, has found a pure abode,
Has pass'd the show'ry arch, henceforth resides
With saints and heroes, and from flowing tides
Quaffs copious immortality, and joy,
With hallow'd lips!—Oh! blest without alloy,
And now enrich'd with all that fate can claim,
Look down, entreated by whatever name,
If Damon please thee most (that rural sound
Shall oft with echoes fill the groves around)
Or if Diodatus, by which alone
In those etherial mansions thou art known.
Thy blush was maiden, and thy youth the taste
Of wedded bliss knew never, pure and chaste,
The honours therefore, by divine decree
The lot of virgin worth are giv'n to thee;
Thy brows encircled with a radiant band,
And the green palm-branch waving in thy hand,
Thou in immortal nuptials shall rejoice,
And join with seraphs thy recording voice,
Where rapture reigns, and the ecstatic lyre
Guides the blest orgies of the blazing quire."

THE DRAMA.

THE GREEK DRAMA.

[*Continued from Vol. I. page* 548.]

To mistake horror for terror is a common fault with authors, in whom genius preponderates over judgment. It is no wonder therefore that Æschylus should have fallen into it, who flourished in an age comparatively barbarous, and who led the way in an art unattempted by his predecessors, who was unassisted by precepts accumulated by the progressive experience of former times, and who had no one prototype before his eyes, whose beauties he might imitate, and whose errors avoid.

His play of Eumenides is replete with horror. To suppose fifty furies, arrayed in tattered garments, and decked out in all the external appendages of terror which the author's strong and fertile imagination could invent, to fancy them pursuing the steps of a murderer, and panting with insatiable avidity for their destined prey, is such a picture that the mind almost shudders at the conception of it. The representation of this Drama produced effects, such as might have been expected: it "made mad the guilty, and appall'd the free;" pregnant women miscarried in the theatre, and some few persons instantly perished with affright. In order to prevent such effects in future, it was thought necessary to limit the number of the chorus to fifteen.

If the ground work of the play be destitute of judgment, it is at least well managed by the author, and the first part of the piece is exquisitely sublime. In the introduction of his furies, Æschylus has studied the same effect, which he has employed in the introduction of his Prometheus and his Cassandra: they are discovered sleeping on the stage around the temple of Apollo, till the shade of Clytemnestra rises, and stimulates them to execute vengeance on her son and murderer. Her speech is interrupted by a loud snore from the furies, a circumstance, which however ludicrous it may appear to us, must no doubt have been exquisitely horrible in the representation. This is

succeeded by louder, and yet a louder snore, till at at length they all start simultaneously from their repose, with a thirst for blood, inflamed by intermission, and crying out for a renewal of their infernal banquet. Orestes is defended by Apollo, by whom he had been instigated to the murder; and the decision of the crime is eventually referred to the council of the Areopagites, a council, which, by a refined piece of flattery, Æschylus represents to have been instituted at Athens on this occasion by Minerva herself, and before which he introduces Apollo strenuously pleading in behalf of the criminal. Orestes is acquitted, and purified of the murder by Apollo.

But here an important difficulty occurs. The opening scene of the tragedy represents Orestes imploring assistance in the temple of Apollo at Delphi; but the council of the Areopagus, before which the cause was to be tried, was held on a hill near Athens. Now as the Athenian stage was not quite large enough to comprise the whole space from Delphi to Athens, how could this difficulty be removed without violating the unity of place? These *Unitarians* are occasionally very expert at bringing together characters who would never meet in real life; they can introduce princes into cottages, and clowns into palaces; nay, on an emergency their conspirators shall plot against a man's life with the utmost composure in his own palace, simply to preserve the unity of place, as in Addison's Cato. But the Areopagites were too venerable a society to be removed at pleasure a distance of so many miles, though a prince was the criminal, and a god was to be his defender. What could be done? If the council would not come to Orestes, Orestes must go to the council: without more ado therefore, the scene is changed, and we are instantly transported from Delphi to Athens.

This is the only instance of the violation of the unity of place to be found in the Greek Drama. Such a violation would no doubt have staggered Euripides, and made Sophocles shudder: but the authority of Aristotle is now weakened; his rules are exploded, and his shackles shaken off; and Æschylus will stand a better chance of a favourable hearing. No one will now very severely condemn him for the liberty he has assumed; but it is rather astonishing, as with a little consideration and knowledge

of the stage, it might have been avoided. But who was todictate rules to Æschylus? He was himself the founder of the Drama, and therefore had an indisputable right to make his own laws.

The principal excellencies of this Drama are to be looked for in the part of the chorus. The other characters indeed are not destitute of speeches both spirited and poetical; but the chief labour of the author has been bestowed upon his chorus. For such a chorus to supply appropriate sentiments and diction, evidently required a genius sublime in the highest degree; and such a genius was to be found in Æschylus. His imagination could soar through all the regions of terror and sublimity; nothing was too exalted for his flight, and the sentiments which he caught with instantaneous felicity, he clothed in language the most appropriate and happy. All his choral odes in this play are spirited and poetical, and such as might be expected to proceed from the mouth of these infernal beings: but his first song, beginning Ἄγε δὴ καὶ χορὸν ἀψῶμεν, &c. "Come, let us join the dance," is eminently beautiful. The author seems to have been inspired, as he wrote, with the spirit of the furies, and to have infused that spirit into his poetry.

Upon the whole, the present Drama is one of the happiest of the productions of Æschylus. The subject is of that terrific nature, for which he was so peculiarly adapted, and in which his soul delighted: if it be in some of the argumentative parts rather tedious, this fault must be attributed to the system of the Ancient Drama, rather than to Æschylus; and whatever beauties are to be discovered in the tragedy are to be attributed solely to the gigantic genius of the author.

THE THEATRES.

KING'S THEATRE.

MAY.

27. I Villeggiatori Bizzarri. Les Jeux Floreaux. Le Calife de Bagdad.

30. La Caccia di Enrico. Id. Id.

JUNE.

1. [Signor Naldi's benefit.] Amor, Vuol' Gioventu. La Fête Chinoise. Il Fanatico Per La Musica, compressed into one act. La Naissance de Flore.

3. I Villeggiatori Bizzarri. Les Jeux Floreaux. Le Calife de Bagdad.

6. La Caccia di Enrico IV. Id. Id.

8. [Signor Siboni's benefit.] First act of Don Juan. La Fête Chinoise. Pirro, reduced to one act. Id.

10. Asiatic Divertissement. Id.

13. Pirro (1). Id. Id.

15. [Signora Angiolini's benefit.] Id. Id. A new Romantic Pastoral Ballet, entitled, MORA'S LOVE, or, THE ENCHANTED HARP (2). Characters by Signora Angiolini, M. Deshayes, M. Boisgirard, Miss Twamley, Madame Ferte, Madame Deshayes, M. Vestris, M. Robert, M. Noble, Miss Smith, and Madselle. MONROY, from the Opera in Lisbon.

17. Id. Id. Id.

20. [First time.] A grand serious opera, entitled, SIDAGERO (3). The music composed by Mr. Guglielmi, junior. The characters by Signor TRAMEZZANI, Madame Bianchi, and Signora CALDERINI (being her first appearance in this country), Signor Rovedini, Signor de Giovanni, Signor Braghetti, and Signora Collini. Les Jeux Floreaux. Id.

24. Id. Id. Id.

(1) Pirro is esteemed the *chef d'œuvre* of Paisiello; the music is grand and beautiful in the extreme. It was done some justice to by Collini and Siboni.

(2) This is the last ballet Mr. D'Egville will have the trouble of composing for M. Vestris and Signora Angiolini, they having, in consequence of the success of Le Calife de Bagdad, determined in future to compose their own ballets. They are right; Mr. D'Egville never had much composition in his soul, and the little he had is quite exhausted. The house has not had such a ballet as Le Calife, since the days of Rossi; and, we doubt not, M. Vestris will go on as he has begun. The scene of Mora's Love, being laid in Scotland, the title must be English; the ballet is very absurd; the harp was the only thing enchanted in the house.

Signora Angiolini dances in male attire; and so far from this being an indecent dress in a female dancer, we appeal to every frequenter of the Opera, whether it excites such strong emotions as the complete unveilment of the petticoats, which the piroüette at intervals forces. Every observer of human nature, knows that it is partial concealment, and not complete exposure, that inflames the passions: it is the French vignette, and not the naked statue, that does the mischief. Besides, when a female is habited in male attire, we are half inclined to believe her a man; and thus we get rid of half the pernicious impression at once. This is a delicate subject; but we are anxious to defend Signora Angiolini from the imputations of those, who know nothing of the Opera but what they read in the bills. Mrs. Jordan's dress in Twelfth Night we do not defend, simply because she is not an Opera-dancer, and has no occasion to expose her limbs. All Opera dancers must; and we contend, that to dress in male attire at once, is the least indecent way of doing it. The whole merit of Angiolini's firm and *masterly* steps is now seen.

(3) Sidagero is one of the best Operas of the season; the music does great credit to the talents of Guglielmi, junior. It is taken from Tasso's Gierusalemme Liberata, and is full of imposing spectacles. Signor Tremezzani, who made his first appearance in it, is a delicious singer, possessing the mellowest voice we ever heard. He looks and acts well too; but he had better return his beard to little Isaac, from whom he must have borrowed it. We cannot speak so highly of Signora Calderini; she possesses no charms of person, and few of voice; she is a practiced singer however, and *executes* more songs than she *murders*.

LYCEUM THEATRE, STRAND (DRURY-LANE COMPANY).

MAY.

26. [Benefit of Mrs. Bishop (late Miss Lyon).] Love in a Village. Songs by Mr. Braham. Blue Devils. Love in a Tub. The grand scene in Semiramide, as sung by Madame Catalani, attempted by Mrs. Bishop. Mayor of Garratt.

27. Grieving's a Folly. Singing and dancing. Critic. Don Ferelo Whiskerandos, Mr. De Camp.

29. [Mr. Johnstone's benefit.] West Indian. "A Smile and a Tear," by Mr. Braham. Irish songs by Mr. Johnstone. Irishman in Italy.

30. [Mr. Braham's benefit.] Cabinet. Floretta, Miss Kelly. Songs. The grand scena in Semiramide. Prize.

31. Jealous Wife (1). Harriet, Mrs. Orger. Toilet, Miss Tidswell. Id. Three and the Deuce. Phebe, Mrs. Mathews. Taffline, Miss Kelly. Love in a Tub, with a hornpipe by Miss Smith (Pupil of Mr. D'Egville.)

JUNE.

1. Honey Moon. Jaquez, Mr. Scriven. Duet of "All's Well." Blue Devils. Mayor of Garratt.

2. Man and Wife. Love in a Tub. Deserter.

3. Critic. Three and the Deuce. Phebe, Miss Kelly. Taffline, Mrs. Bland. Devil to Pay.

5. [Benefit of Mr. Johnstone, Machinist and Decorator, and Miss Boyce.] Grieving's a Folly. Blue Devils. Songs. [By permission of the Proprietors of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden] Blind Boy. Stanislaus, Mr. Marshall. Edmund, Miss Boyce. Rodolph, Mr. Holland. Oberto, Mr. Eyre. Starow, Mr. Fisher. Kalig, Mr. De Camp. Elvina, Miss Kelly.

6. [Mr. Dignum's benefit.] School for Scandal (2). Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr. Palmer. Joseph Surface, Mr. Russell. Crabtree, Mr. Scriven. Mrs. Candour, Mrs. Eyre. Songs by Mr. Dignum. Blue Devils. Weathercock.

7. Grieving's a Folly. Critic.

8. She Stoops to Conquer. Hastings, Mr. Holland. [Vide the Haymarket bill of this evening.] Diggory, Mr. Scriven. Rosina. William, Master Durouset.

9. Honey Moon. Lampedo, Mr. Fisher. Love in a Tub. Prize. Heartwell, Mr. De Camp.

10. Heir at Law. (3) Blue Devils. Mayor of Garratt.

12. [Mr. Raymond's benefit.] Stranger. The Stranger, Mr. Raymond. Mrs. Haller, Mrs. Hamilton. High Life below Stairs. Lovel, Mr. C. Kemble. Kitty,

Mrs. C. Kemble (their first appearance at this Theatre). Prize. Lenitive, Mr. Russell. Heartwell, Mr. J. Smith. Label, Mr. Finch. Caroline, Mrs. C. Kemble.

KING'S THEATRE (DRURY-LANE COMPANY).

12. [Mr. Spring's benefit.] John Bull, Peregrine, Mr. Murray (of the Covent Garden Company.) Sir Simon Rochdale, Mr. Scriven. Job Thornberry, Mr. Dowton. Frank Rochdale, Mr. Henderson. John Burr, Mr. Smith. Mary Thornberry, Miss Boyce. Sylvester Daggerwood, (for that night only) by Mr. Elliston. Love in a Tub. Three and the Deuce. Phebe, Mrs. Mathews. Taffline, Miss Kelly.

(1) When Johnstone, in *Captain O'Cutter*, is asked in astonishment by Major Oakley, if he makes a practice of fighting duels, without knowing for what, he answers, "When the signal's out for engaging, what signifies talking? Then, you know, Major, *England expects every man to do his duty!*" The wit of these players! No doubt it is the duty of every one, to kill his man in a duel, as Mr. Johnstone intimates, and therefore this original piece of humour fully deserves the applause it usually receives. Upon the whole, this excellent comedy is performed at this Theatre with a spirit fully equal to its deserts. Wroughton's Oakley is an admirable picture of a henpecked husband, gradually plucking up courage to resist the arbitrary laws of his domestic tyrant, and finally resuming that proper authority, of which his wife's superior spirit had deprived him. It is only a pity he has not a more youthful appearance in personating the husband of Miss Duncan. Mrs. Orger has taken the part of the lovely and delicate Harriet, and is no doubt a much better representative of it, than her predecessor, Miss Mellon, who by her corpulence and vulgarity, is rendered totally unfit for such a character; but why should it be given to either Miss Mellon or Mrs. Orger? Why does not Mrs. H. Siddons perform it, to whose line of acting it so evidently belongs, that no one but a manager could ever have dreamt of giving it to any one else? But hence, in no small degree, arises that clamour against the immoral tendency of the stage, which

is so generally prevalent; our Archers and Mrs. Sullens are exhibited with all the fascination, which the talents of Elliston and Miss Duncan can bestow; while a virtuous and modest female, whose character, assisted by the graces of Mrs. H. Siddons, might make us in love with virtue, is reduced by the carelessness of an underling to be an insipid and uninteresting, if not a disgusting, personage. It was certainly an extraordinary exertion of judgment in the managers to give the part of Mrs. Haller to Mrs. Mudie. But the most excellent performance of this evening, was that of Miss Duncan, in the Jealous Wife. Had Mrs. Oakley been represented by the author as merely jealous, the character would not have belonged so peculiarly to Miss Duncan; for jealousy is a passion, which many of our actresses might pourtray: but the most prominent feature in the part, is a desire of unbounded authority; and here, Miss Duncan is far superior to all her contemporaries. Her commanding figure seems as if it had been formed for this character, to which her snappish manner is an additional support: there is scarcely a finer exhibition on the stage, than the malicious and triumphant sarcasm, which she pours down upon her husband, when she has discovered him in the scene with Miss Russet. If Mrs. Siddons really intended, as it was reported, to performs Mr. Oakley during the past season, her good sense in giving up the attempt, has certainly saved her the mortification of being excelled in one character by a contemporary performer.

(2) The character of Sir Peter Teazle in this exquisite comedy is somewhat similar to that of Mr. Oakley, and they are both performed by Wroughton with equal happiness, except that in the former part his elderly appearance is no disadvantage to him. Whatever may have been Mrs. Jordan's motives, for seceding from the company at so critical a period as the present, the town has no reason to regret her absence in this play at least. Indeed she ought never to have played the part when the Theatre had Miss Duncan. It was this character which first introduced Miss Duncan to a London audience, nearly five years ago, and her reception in it was such, that she performed it fifteen nights with increased effect and

applause. It may reasonably then be enquired, how it happened that Mrs. Jordan assumed the character, after such brilliant success, on the part of Miss Duncan? Why, the play was to be performed before His Majesty, and Mrs. Jordan was ambitious of preaching—we beg pardon—of playing before royalty, and she has accordingly retained the part ever since. That Mrs. Jordan had interest sufficient to procure such a liberty, we are not surprised, though she might almost as well have thought of playing Lady Macbeth before His Majesty: unfortunately we have witnessed too many instances of the prevalence of interest in theatrical management; we have seen Miss Smith degraded, and Miss Brunton exalted.

(3) This was the last night of the company's performing this season (Mr. Raymond's benefit being an extra grant), and after the play Mr. Wroughton addressed the audience to the following effect:

"This last night of performance, Ladies and Gentlemen, demands our annual address of thanks; but so peculiarly involved in calamity as the performers have been, from the destruction of both theatres this winter, which was nearly reducing many of its adherents into uncommon difficulties and distress, we are anxiously apprehensive lest our expressions prove inadequate to our feelings on this occasion. The calamity, which was truly grievous to our brethren of Covent-Garden Theatre, became trebly so to the Drury Lane company; for whereas, in the first instance, some relief could be administered, in the latter, scarcely any could be obtained. Hopeless and dreary was our situation for some weeks, until our appeal to Earl Dartmouth, the Lord Chamberlain, who graciously listened to our distress, and with the greatest kindness, which must ever be gratefully remembered by the actors, gave us his sanction and permission to advance forward on our own account; and from the liberality of the public, and the kind intervention of the proprietors of the Opera House and the Lyceum, we have in some measure thus far sustained our misfortunes.

"By your generosity we have been enabled to keep united, and we again look forward with confidence, in the hope of a continuation of public favour, assuring

you, that, wherever our future destiny shall place us, we trust our exertions, keeping pace with our gratitude, will render us deserving of your attention.

" It now remains for us, at the conclusion of the season, to offer our heart-felt tribute of thanks, which we one and all beg leave thus publicly and respectfully to present to our patrons and benefactors, for that protection, that indulgence, and that noble liberality, with which they have followed up and rewarded our humble endeavours." *Universal applause.*

It is difficult to conceive, what extraordinary *liberality* and *generosity*, and *protection*, these unfortunate actors have experienced from the public, to merit so extraordinary a return of obsequious gratitude. It is well known that the fashionable world were very slow in finding their way to the Lyceum. They could visit the same company of performers in their princely palaces in Drury-Lane, and at the Opera House; but when they are burnt out of the one, and turned out of the other, there is no longer, it seems, the same fascination to attract, and small as the Lyceum is, it has sometimes been less than half full. Perhaps Mr. Wroughton's gratitude for generosity never excited, and favours never received, was intended as a sly demand upon that generosity in the ensuing winter; for, from the above address, it appears, that the actors are still in a state of uncertainty with respect to their future destiny, and the re-building of Drury Lane Theatre will not be quite so expeditious as that of Covent Garden. The present state of the concern indeed is a wretched monument of the sad effects of irregularity of management: the theatre has long been involved in exorbitant debts, which completely shackle the proprietors, and before they can raise a new building, they must clear the incumbrances incurred in the management of the old one.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET (COVENT-GARDEN COMPANY).

MAY

20. Poor Gentleman. Frederick, Mr. Young. Comic Songs by Master Smalley. Padlock.

MAY

27. English Fleet. Katharine and Petruchio. Petruchio, Mr. Lewis (being his last appearance in that character).

29. [Mr. Lewis's last benefit] Rule a Wife and have a Wife. Leon, Mr. Young. Michael Perez, Mr. Lewis (being his last appearance on any stage), Estifania, Mrs. H. Johnston. A Farewell Address by Mr. Lewis. (1) Valentine and Orson.

30. [Benefit of Mr. Glassington, Prompter.] Pizarro. Elvira, Mrs. Powell, of the Drury Lane Company. Personation. Tom Thumb.

51. [Last night.] Exile. (2) Valentine and Orson.

(1) This evening made his last public bow, Mr. Lewis, the life of Morton's comedies, and the soul of Reynolds's, an actor whose vivacity and humour had that peculiar felicity about them, that they will never be forgotton by those who have witnessed them, and can never be described to those who have not. Mr. Lewis went off well, in the character of the Copper Captain.

" Nothing in his life
" Became him like the leaving of it."

At the conclusion of the play, he came forward, and, with the truest emotion we ever witnessed, was scarcely able to articulate the following farewell address to the audience: he was "no actor here;" at other times, Mr. Lewis's serious was the signal for our mirth; on this occasion both he and we really wept :

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honour to address you for the last time. After my long theatrical career, I am exceedingly agitated in coming forward to bid you farewell; and, indeed, my feelings are so strong and so powerful, that if I had not feared that the omission of this ceremony might seem negligence or disrespect, I would willingly have avoided it altogether. When I look back upon my professional life, and remember that I have been your servant for six and thirty years, during which period I have never once incurred your displeasure, I cannot contemplate my dramatic death without the deepest sensations of gratitude and regret.

"Allow me toexpress to you my ardent thanks for the kindness which you have invariably bestowed upon me, and particularly for the favors with which you have received my latter efforts. I take my leave under these circumssances not only with the liveliest gratitude; but, if I may be allowed the expression, with the sinccrest affection, Ladies and Gentlemen, I now bid you adieu for ever."

(2) This evening the theatre closed with the Covent-Garden Company, on which occasion Mr. Young (Mr. Kemble being absent in Dublin) delivered the following address:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am desired by the Proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, to offer you their most grateful acknowledgments for the kind and liberal patronage you have afforded them during this most trying and distressing season. The weight of their obligation is the more sensibly felt, as they are aware (though every exertion has been used) the attraction of novelty has been, in a great measure, wanting. Next year, however, they hope the deficiency in theatrical amusements will be amply supplied. THEIR NEW THFATRE IS NOW COVERED IN. Owing to the peculiar circumstances of the times, they have encountered the greatest difficulties, and gone to an unprecedented expense in procuring the best materials necessary for the structure of so large a building; but from the indefatigable exertions of all concerned in the undertaking, they have now the heart-felt satisfaction of assuring you, that the New Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden will be opened for your entertainment on Monday, the 11th of September. The chief ambition of the proprietors has been to consult the comfort and convenience of the audience, and they trust, that, when completed, the New Theatre will receive the enviable sanction of your approbation, and be deemed worthy of the metropolis of the British Empire. The performees, likewise, Ladies and Gentlemen, beg leave to return their most grateful thanks to a kind and indulgent public, and till we meet on our stage, the company humbly take their leave."

KING'S THEATRE (COVENT GARDEN COMPANY).

JUNE

2. [Mr. Kelly's benefit.] Revenge. Leonora, Miss Bristow. A Grand Concert, in one act. Le Calife de Bagdad, by the performers of the Opera House.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

5. Rule a Wife and have a Wife. (1) Duke of Medina, Mr. S. Smith, from the Theatre Royal, York. Leon, Mr. Young. Copper Captain, Mr. Jones, from the late Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Cacafogo, Mr. Waddy. Margaritta, Mrs. St. Ledger. Estifania, Mrs. Glover (her first appearance here these three years). Old Woman, Mr. Liston. Plot and Counterplot. Fabio, Mr. Jones. Hernandez, Mr. Waddy.

6. Stranger. Baron Steinfort, Mr. Holland (his first appearance on this stage.) Count Wintersen, Mr. Smith. Tobias, Mr. Eyre (first appearance). Mrs. Haller, Mrs. Glover. Raising the Wind. Jeremy Diddler, Mr. Jones. Plainway, Mr. Grove. Fainwood, Mr. Menage. Sam, Mr. Mathews.

7. Castle Spectre, Hassan, Mr. Eyre. Percy, Mr. Smith. Angela, Mrs. Eyre (her first appearance on this stage.) Of age to-morrow. Baron Willinghurst, Mr. Jones. Maria, Miss Kelly (first appearance here).

8. Honey Moon. Rolando, Mr. Jones. Count Montalban, Mr. Holland. Balthazar, Mr. Eyre. Volante, Mrs. Eyre. Zamora, Miss De Camp. Tom Thumb. King Arthur, Mr. Mathews. Huncamunca, Miss Kelly.

9. Five Miles Off. Kalendar, Mr. Mathews. (2) Spriggins, Mr. Treby. Music Mad. Tale of Mystery.

10. Rule a Wife and have a Wife. Review. Caleb Quotem, Mr. Mathews.

12. Africans. Farulho, Mr. Eyre. Madiboo, Mr. Jones (3). Demba Sego Jalla, Mr. Holland. Daucari, Mr. Smith. Berissa, Mrs. Gibbs. Ghost. Dolly, Miss Kelly. Plot and Counterplot.

13. Wild Oats (4). Rover, Mr. Jones. Lady Amaranth, Mrs. Glover. Son in Law. Crankey, Mr. Mathews. Bowkit, Mr. Jones.

14. Wonder. Colonel Briton, Mr. Holland. Frederick, Mr. Smith. Lissardo, Mr. Jones. Violante, Mrs.

Glover. Isabella, Mrs. Eyre. Inis, Miss Kelly. Critick. Puff, Mr. Jones. Dangle, Mr. Eyre. Sneer, Mr. Holland.

15. Battle of Hexham. Barton, Mr. Eyre. La Varenne, Mr. Holland. Gregory Gubbins, Mr. Mathews. Queen Margaret, Mrs. Glover. Adeline, Mrs. Eyre. [Revived.] Mayor of Garratt, (reduced to one act). Major Sturgeon, Mr. Farley. Jerry Sneak, Mr. Liston; Sir J. Jollup, Mr. Grove. Bruin, Mr. Wharton. Mrs. Sneak, Mrs. Liston. Mrs. Bruin, Miss Leserve. Of Age to Morrow.

16. Africans. Tom Thumb. Tale of Mystery.

17. Beaux' Stratagem. Archer, Mr. Jones. Scrub, Mr. Liston. Sullen, Mr. Eyre. Mrs. Sullen, Mrs. Glover. Dorinda, Mrs. Eyre. Gipsey, Miss De Camp. Raising the Wind.

19. Honey Moon. [Not acted these four years.] The grand pantomimical drama of Obi; or, Three-finger'd Jack.(5) Three-finger'd Jack, Mr. Farley. Captain Orford, Mr. C. Dubois. Planter, Mr. Grove. Overseer, Mr. Taylor. Tuckey, Miss Worgman. Rosa, Miss Johnston. Quashee's Wife, Miss Kelly. Sam's Wife, Mrs. Mathews. Old Woman, Mr. Noble.

20. Five Miles Off. Mrs. Wiggins. Id.

(1) The company engaged at the summer theatre is nearly the same as we stated in our fifth number, with the exception of Mr. Holland, in the place of Mr. Carles (and we sincerely thank our kind stars for the exchange), and the addition of Mr. S. Smith, from the York Theatre, in whose place, we would willingly accept of any one. Not to trouble our readers with a long criticism on inanity, Mr. Smith is one of those actors, who have been wittily defined, as "animals who utter a certain number of sounds to exercise the patience of a certain number of people."

Mr. Young's Leon is a good performance, but not one of his most excellent. In the former part of the play, in which Leon assumes the disguise of an idiot, he is decidedly inferior to Elliston; and even in the latter part he does not often rise above him. We know not whether Mr. Jones be not liable to the charge of temerity, in appearing at once in such a character, as Michael Perez, the very part in which, but a week before, Mr.

Lewis had appeared for the last time on the stage. We were so much pleased, however, with his performance, that we will endeavour, if possible, not to think of Lewis. He dashed through the character with a very pleasing vivacity, on which we would willingly bestow our unqualified applause, if he would divest himself of the "pitiful ambition" of "saying more than is set down for him." It really is abominable, that the noble language of Beaumont and Fletcher, should be thus degraded, by being "mixed with baser matter:" Mr. Jones, we presume, has not been in the habit of representing the fine characters of Fletcher and Shakespeare; but as he performs them oftener, we hope he will possess sufficient taste to admire them more, and corrupt their diction less.

It is singular, that in the general dearth of female gentility on the stage, those actresses, who possess the little there is of this aimable qualification, should be so fond of appearing in characters, the most inimical to gentility. Thus Miss Duncan is too fond of assuming the character of Nell; and Mrs. Glover, her great rival in gentility, after an absence of three years from these boards, makes her re-appearance in that vile demirep, Estifania. Such a misapplication of talents must necessarily produce, more or less, a certain broadness of manners; and if Miss Duncan has of late years, lost any of her pristine gracefulness, Mrs. Glover has at least kept pace with her in this respect. Her performance of Estifania is spirited; but in some parts, she was endeavouring to imitate Mrs. Jordan, whom, however, she could not equal either in spirit or vulgarity. Upon the whole, she so delighted us, that we will in charity say nothing of her Mrs. Haller, which she performed on the following evening.

(2) The secession of Mr. Fawcett from the company has given a greater range of characters to Mr. Mathews: but in spite of all the attraction of the latter gentleman, we really could not persuade ourselves to witness again the representation of Dibdin's silly farce of *Five Miles Off*. We shall be happy to speak of his merits on some future opportunity.

(3) Jones's Madiboo is a performance of considerable merit. It is rather awkward for him to personate

the elder brother of Young, since his appearance is more youthful: in the songs too, there was room to wish for Fawcett. But in the real genius of the character, Mr. Jones was very successful: his vivacity was pleasing, and his pathos was affecting.

(4) Before the melancholy experience of this evening, we really did not think it possible, that O'Keeffe's lively comedy of Wild Oats, could be so performed as not to be entertaining. Neither Jones in Rover, nor Mrs Glover in Lady Amaranth, are entitled to very great credit: the former indeed was lively, but not sufficiently so, to dispel the tedium, which the insipidity of others occasioned; and as to the latter, she was excessively dull and uninteresting. Farley, in John Dory, gave us a good sketch of a sailor: but then how completely unlike any thing rational was Waddy, in Sir George Thunder! Taylor's Sim, was an excellent miniature of a country lad; but then, what a complete antidote to mirth and patience was Wharton, who represented his father!

(5) The pantomime of Obi was by no means worth reviving. Like the "industry" of Francis in King Henry the fourth, which was "up stairs and down stairs," its interest is running in, and running out: it has no object in view, and reaches no end. It was, we recollect, very popular four years ago, and set the fashion of a hat; it should have rested its fame there.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

Mr. Elliston, the proprietor of this theatre, has condescended to become an actor in it; and since, the day mentioned in the following circular letter, which he thought proper to issue upon the occasion, has performed the part of Captain Macheath almost every evening:

"Mr. Elliston has announced his intention to appear in the Beggar's Opera at the Royal Circus, on Thursday next, the 15th of June.

"He finds that some of his friends have expressed regret that he should take any personal share in the performance at this theatre. He is aware of the kindness of the motives which have led to this sensation; and, although he cannot admit such regret to be well founded, he is not the

less pleased, or grateful, that there should be persons who feel so lively a solicitude for his character and welfare.

"To lessen the uneasiness of such friends, he thinks it his duty to trouble them with a few words, in explanation, by which he hopes he may satisfy them that he should not so well deserve their regard, had he pursued any course but that which he has taken.

"In the first place, he has reason to believe that some of his friends, not having been accustomed to visit the Royal Circus, are unacquainted with the extent and excellence of the building as a theatre; and are under a mistaken impression, therefore, as to the respectability of effect, which may be given to any performance on its stage, properly appointed and conducted.

"Secondly, he believes that an equal degree of misapprehension exists as to the powers of the company with whom he is proposing to act.

"In both these particulars, he is persuaded that his friends, on inspection, will find themselves very pleasantly disappointed.

"But the main objection, he imagines, is, as to the supposed derogation to which he may subject himself, by going a little out of the routine of his profession, in appearing at a theatre not commonly deemed a regular theatre.

"To this Mr. Elliston begs leave to answer, that, by exertion, and perhaps by good fortune, he has the happiness to find himself in a situation which does not require that he should stand on more punctilios than are necessary, that in order to relieve himself from the incessant labour of such performances as he has been accustomed to, in London, and in the country, at all times, in all seasons, and under all circumstances, for many years past, he has thought it prudent to devote part of his property to a concern, which, if well cultivated, may furnish an adequate substitution to himself and to his large and increasing family for the advantages he must perhaps surrender by pursuing a life of somewhat less fatigue and exhausture, and by limiting his performances at the winter theatres to an extent more consistent, probably, with his real interests and reputation.

"His first object in the promotion of this concern has been to give to it all the respectability in his power; and

more respectability, if it be possible, than has been possessed by that, or by any similar place of amusement. With this view, he has already employed considerable sums in the production of pieces of merit, established by every aid that ingenuity and a reasonable degree of personal talent could afford. The return has been promising; but much remains to be done; and if, by lending any little influence which may attach itself to his personal appearance, an addition of consequence may be made both to the character and profit of his undertaking, he hopes that his friends will think that he has, at least, a sufficient stock of credit as a public performer, to put a small part of it to adventure, in the way of speculation, when that speculation, by due management and support, may in the end requite him so handsomely, not to say so very largely.

"Mr. Elliston would certainly not have lent himself in this way to the scheme of any other individual; but, in his own house, and uncontrolled by the authority of any judgment but his own, he may surely take liberties with himself, with an impunity he could not reckon upon elsewhere. He proposes, by a previous address, which his friends will probably see in the papers, to prepare the public mind for his appearance in so new a shape. In short, he has no doubt, and he trusts his friends, on consideration, will have no doubt, that he may for a short time amuse himself by riding on the outside of the coach, (for so this stage may perhaps be deemed as to his profession), without in the slightest degree relinquishing his claim to his place within.

"*Stratford Place, June* 13, 1809."

Independently of the theatrical value of this document, we should have been tempted to deposit it in our Cabinet, as the finest specimen of human vanity which was ever dictated. No address in the world could have convinced any body but Mr. Elliston's blind admirers, that one of "his Majesty's servants" of any respectability, did not degrade himself by becoming the organ of Mr. Cross, and relieving the clown of the horsemanship, and the dancer on the rope, by running over a few hobbling verses to the inhabitants of St. George's Fields; but to tell

us that "he has the happiness to find himself in a situation which does not require that he should stand on more punctilios than are necessary," that "he hopes his friends will think he has a sufficient stock of credit as a public performer, to put a small part of it to adventure," and that "he proposes, by a previous address, which his friends will *probably* see in the papers, *to prepare the public mind* for his appearance in so new a shape," can convince us of nothing but the writer's consummate vanity. "An address which his friends will *probably* see in the papers!" Very probably, for Mr. Elliston has sent it round to them: "those damned editors never can keep a secret." We are quoting Puff for Mr. Elliston again. But he shall have the benefit of his address.

"*Address, spoken by Mr. Elliston, at the Royal Circus, before his performance of Macheath, in the Beggar's Opera.*

"Each anxious host, of ardent zeal possest
His friends to please, and gratify each guest,
Urges endeavour, thinks no effort vain,
That tends to please, or leads to entertain;
Yet sometimes finds, too eager to succeed,
The will, alas! has far outstripp'd the deed!
His fate may, here, be mine; for never host,
More ardent zeal, nor eager will, could boast;
Ne'er welcom'd guests more warmly to his dome,
Nor friends to gratify, felt more at home!
At home, then view me, where, unaw'd by rule,
The gravest sometimes dare to play the fool;
To cheer the heart, make every plan their choice,
And e'en turn singers, *unpossess'd of voice*:
That thought has nearly stopp'd my scanty breath,
While, flitting past, appears to frown *Macheath*,
Minims and crotchets seem to weep and wail,
And like King Richard's ghosts my ears assail;
Richard, who here might bawl in tragic strain,
"A Horse! a Horse!" *nor bawl for one in vain!*
While the poor Captain's strains, less priz'd by half,
Perchance may only raise a loud *horse-laugh!*

(*Bell rings.*)

But to my trial call'd, for weal or woe,
" The Judges all" array'd, a fearful "show !"
" I go" undaunted; sure of kind support;
And throw myself thus boldly on the Court;
The very summit of my accusation,
A mere attempt to *steal* your approbation!
But then, like all *Macheaths*, I feel a hope,
You'll ask from me, *no feats upon the Rope*;
But mingling mercy with dramatic laws,
Assuage my doom, *transport* me with applause!

This address is not despicable; but, like the prose one, it labours very much to impress us that the Circus is Mr. Elliston's property; that he is "at home." Well; we have payed him a visit, and can vouch for his having "played the fool," and for his total "dispossession of voice." Gay's humour is completely mangled by the untractable verse of Mr. Cross, who has thrown all the dialogue into the shape of a burletta; and this is what Mr. Elliston calls "embellishing" pieces of merit [Gay had some small merit] by every aid that ingenuity and a reasonable degree of personal talent can afford. Mr. Elliston completely misses the character of Macheath, who affected the gentleman to every body but his own gang, and unbent himself with them. Mr. Elliston dressed himself like a bailiff in his scenes with the women, and spoke with a slang, but put on a blue coat with a red collar and silk stockings to go among his companions, where he assumed allthe literary *hauteur* of Pertinax Single. Mr. Elliston sings the exquisite airs of the original opera worse than we ever heard a man sing after dinner at his own house. He has not a note in his voice, and knows no more of music than of modesty.

As to the respectability of effect which may be given to any performance on this stage, properly *appointed* and conducted; and "as to the powers of the company," we were by no means "pleasantly *disappointed*." The rest of the performers of the Beggar's Opera were duly subordinate to Mr. Elliston in point of excellence, as a well-bred clerk always contrives to read worse than the parson.

DUBLIN THEATRE.

Kemble has left us and gone to Belfast for twelve nights. Previously to his departure he played Alexander for his benefit and had a very good house. Mrs. Jordan opened in the Country Girl with her accustomed excellence: the house overflowed; every box was previously taken. She has since appeared in the Widow Cheerly, in the Soldier's Daughter, and is announced to play Lady Teazle, Charles Surface, Mr. Dwyer, his first appearance: this gentleman is engaged for part of the after-season to succeed Mr. Rae in light comedy.

EDINBURGH THEATRE.

Mr. Editor

Enclosed is a list of the benefits of this season; you will observe that they have not been quite so productive as they were last year, in some measure owing to their commencing rather later than usual. The promised novelty of a new theatre next season, has in some degree thrown a damp upon the present, though many of our new performers have created a considerable degree of interest and proved attractive. Our old favourites still continue to enjoy the approbation of the public, which *here* is seldom rashly bestowed or capriciously withdrawn; most particularly Berry and Evatt (by that indefatigable industry which so rarely accompanies talent and that propriety of conduct so distinguishing among the professors of the stage) still enjoy the peculiar countenance that has for several years stamped them the reigning favourites of the city of Edinburgh.

Mrs. Edwin late of the Dublin Theatre has completely established the fame that preceded her appearance here; great comic talent she certainly possesses, and provincial celebrity we doubt not will soon be followed by the approbation of a London audience, before whom we hear she is shortly to appear. Mr. Sowerby, our tragic hero, is an actor of great genius and in the regions of the poetic drama shines here unrivalled; enthusiasm sometimes carries him rather beyond the bounds we northern critics allow, but we know as well as our southern neighbours, that great talent unguided by experience lead generally to exuberance, and while we blame we admire, in the certainty that softened by time his ardour will lose all its

extravagance, and most sincerely do we hope shortly to see him at the very pinnacle of his profession. He has not certainly the study or taste of Young, his predecessor, but is infinitely his superior in a true genius for the art of acting.

I remain, Mr. Editor, with respect, yours,

VERITAS.

	£.
Mr. Jones — — —	53
Mr. Evatt — — —	166
Miss Holman — —	95
Mr. Holman — —	97
Mr. Trueman — —	83
Mr. Davies — —	105
Mrs. Edwin — — —	180
Miss Walter — —	85
Mr. Berry — — —	166
Cannongate Charity — —	155
Mr. Rock — —	142
Mr. and Mrs. Dalton — —	58
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Miss Rock and Miss Norton —	100
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Mr. M'Gregor, Box Book Keeper and Treasurer — —	156
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Mr. Dwyer, is Second Benefit —	65
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Mrs. Nicol — — —	40
Mr. Archer — —	78
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GLASGOW THEATRE.

Mr. Beaumont has quarrelled with the proprietors and performers, the latter of whom are now performing for their own emolument unconnected with Mr. Beaumont. Mrs. Siddons is now performing there.

MANCHESTER THEATRE.

The business, or rather pleasure, here has been very bad. Mr. Fawcett has played there a few nights; he had only 100l. for his benefit. Mr. Cooke plays there on the 26th and 27th of June on his way to Edinburgh. The Theatre is advertized to be let.

LIVERPOOL THEATRE.

Opened the first week in May, the company with a very few exceptions, being the same as that of last season, with Mr. Holman and his daughter, and Mrs. Beaumont, as auxiliaries. Mr. Holman has lost none of that affectation and pomposity which always distinguished his style of acting. He was by no means attractive. His daughter's talents are of a very *mediocre* stamp. Early in June our favourite Rae joined us on his return from Dublin; he was rapturously greeted. Mr. Cooke has been wonderfully steady and remarkably attractive. He takes his benefit, as Kitely, on Friday next; the theatre is expected to be crowded. Mr. Emery comes on Monday next for twelve nights. Mrs. Siddons follows him. Miss Bolton, Mrs. H. Johnston, and Mr. Simmons are with us for the season. Mr. Rae has had great offers from America.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The New Covent Carden Theatre will certainly be ready by the next season. Mr. Flaxman is at work we are told upon a bas relief in front of the building, and there are niches left for statues of Tragedy and Comedy. The owner of the Strugglers, a porter-house, the very site of which was swallowed up by the sweep of the new building has recovered of the proprietors of the theatre in an action of ejectment, and for some days served out his porter to the public under the title of the Strugglers Alive. He has struggled hard with the theatre by buying him out, and as made them send him a notice to quit on the back of a £.5000 note.

Madame Catalani has been seduced by Mr. Harris from her treaty with the Opera House for the next season, by what the public call £4000 besides a benefit, but by what she calls an "extreme desire, before she quits England, to sing at the National Theatre before a British public." The lady's avarice is now perfectly visible; and she has gotten into further disgrace by refusing to sing for the Middlesex Hospital. There have been whispered fears that the prices of admittance to the New Theatre will be raised, under Madame Catalani's pretence. We cannot at present believe the proprietors will dare to do this; but we shall "hold it writ down in our duty" to protest against the measure the instant we hear of its being really intended.

Miss Beetham pinx. *H. Meyer sculp.*

Published by Gale & Curtis, Paternoster Row.